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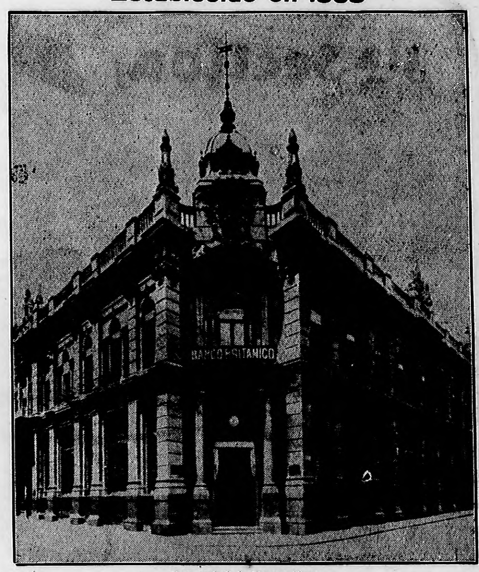
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Exposition International du Centenaire 1910

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Establecido en 1863



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Buenos Aires, Diciembre de 1914. F. M. HERIOT, Gerente.

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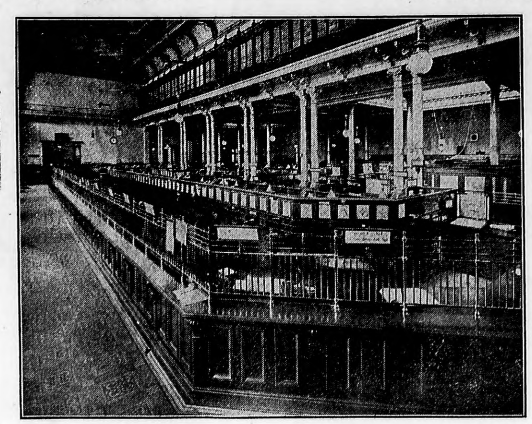
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Compra y Venta de Títulos

COBRANZAS DE CUPONES Y DIVIDENDOS

TITULOS EN CUSTODIA



DESCUENTOS

Cobranzas de letras y Pagarés

Cuentas corrientes oro y moneda legal

Depósitos a Plazo Meses Moneda legal 3 1|2 0|0 y oro 2 1|2 0|0 al año

Depósitos a Plazo 6 Meses Moneda legal 4 0|0 y oro 3 0|0 al año

Caja de Ahorro oro 2 0|0 al año

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Buenos Aires, Diciembre 1.º de 1911. JAMES DEY y HARRY SCOTT, Gerentes.

ARGENTINA

SOME CARACTERISTICS

For convenience of description local geographers describe the republic under four heads: the Litoral, the Central, the Andine, and the Patagonian regions.

It is simpler however and more comprehensive to say that the extreme northern provinces are subtropical, the south of the republic beginning with Chubut, subfrigid; that the western quarter of the whole extention is moun-



Making flour

tainous ,and the remain extending eastward to the Atlantic, remaining three-fourths extending eastward to the Atlantic an inmense plain very rarely broken by hills or mountains.

In Córdoba however, a series of parallel ranges of considerable altitude and known as the Central System, runs north and south. Stretching away from their western limit to the foot of the distant Andes there stretches a dreary region of vast salt lakes of scanty depth. They are the remains of what was once a great island sea, and the stillness and loneliness of death itself broods over the vast stretches of treeless sands and salty marsh. The rainladen winds from the Pacific are robbed of their treasure by the towening mass of the Andes; while the north and south mountains of Córdoba desopil the moist currents from the Atlantic. As a consequence the plain itself, is little but a barren waste, bounded on the east and west by inmense beelling mountains that rise grey, solemn, sad, and treeless over the dead sea of the past.

Thee subtropical parts of the republic are in many ways marvels of nature's prodigality. If we leave out Jujuy, which is of altogether minor importance, we find ourselves in a land of wonders. Tucumán, the smallest of the provinces, is not injusttly called the "garden of the republic". Its scenic beauties are onchanting. It is traversed by the great mountain rangee of Aconquija which rises to upwards of 15.000 feet, and shuts on the snowclad Frontear.

The eastern slopes of these mountains and their spurs are covered with a profusion of vegetation so rich and varied in its tropical splendour that the interminable forests seem to carry one into another world. Cedar, pines, laurels, walnuts, lapacho giant quebrachos, great picturesque algarrobos in season drooping with their rich beanlike fruit from which a kind of sweet bread is made; innumerable wild fruits, enormous cable like climbing giants and a wild vast garden of beautiful flowers. The fauna is no less remarkable for its abundance and variety: South American lions and tigers, guanacos and vicuñas, foxes, otters ant-bears and tapirs, pelicans and partridges, parrots and ostriches abound. In its immense mountains gold, copper, iron, tin, marble, slate, kaolin, etc., have been worked. The soil is not able for its fertility, the principal product being as in generally known, sugar, the province possessing over thirty sugar factories. The most modern and wealthiest of these is the beautiful property of the Nougués family, known as San Pablo, established by the grandfather of the present owners. The annual output of sugar for the province is about 120.000 tons.

The capital, Tucuman, is an interesting city of perhaps 80.000 inhabitants. It is of great historical importance in the annals of tne republic, with an aristocratic distinction all its own. Many of the most famous men of the country were sons of the garden province.

Salta has the same fauna and flora as its neighbour, but with seven times the extensión it stretches away into the northern and eastern plains, and embraces a petroliferous, carboniferous and thermal region. Over large tracts it is almost destitute of water; in others equally extensive, it is a network of streams. Its eastern parts are generally suffocatingly hot in summer; but for all that. Salta is a province with a great future. It produces everything that tropical climates can produce; time and population will do the rest. However, these two and the northern Andine provinces are not suitable for starngers owing to the malarial fevers that are so common a scourge there.

Corrientes and Misiones are better suited as they are salubrious. These, with Entre Ríos form the Argentine Mesopotamia. With the majestic river Uruguay on the east and the great Paraná (signifying "Great-as-the sea") on the west and



An ombú; the characteristic tree. of plains

north these provinces form an immense fertile tract rather more than two-thirds the extent of the whole of the kingdom of Italy. The northern port is well wooded, Misiones particularly so. It is intersected by an infinity of streams in all parts, and its mainfall is abundant. The whole emsopotamian region is agricultural and pastoral. Its products are those of hot and temperate countries; in the north sugar-cane, cotton, silk, oranges, bananas, pinesapples, tobacco, maize, etc.; and in the south cereals, apples, pears, peaches citrous fruits. It has about 20.000.000 head of cattle, sheep and horses. As both the Paraná and Uruguay are open to ocean going ships, this part of the republic has an inquestionably great future.

The Andine provinces offer generally the same aspects, deep and often narrow valleys traversed for rapid rivers often so than ot wild torrents. Stricking upward to the clouds the grim grey, arid

BABY GRAHAM



An Anglo-Argentine scion of a noble scottish family

mountains, dead and still beneath their snowy abroad in winter and spring; forbidding in their naked, plantless, lifeless solitude throughout the summer. The sheltered valleys, as in Mendoza, La Rioja and San Juan, are often of remarkable fecundity. The wine, olive, fig, mulbeary, ordinary fruits and cereals grow to perfection. The three provinces mentioned are especially famous for their wines. Indeed, they might well become great wine exporting centres. BBtewe^n Mendoza and San Juan" has passed into a proverb, and is a polite way of saying that a man has taken more wine than is convenient. Irrigation on a modest scale has made headway in these provinces, a great advantage being that the melting snow on the Andes, where practically all Argentine rivers rise, supplies a considerable volume of water during the summer months when it is most needed. Properties in these provinces frequently run to an enormous size, a quarter or half, a million acres being more or less common, and some exceeding a million and even two million acres in the mountain districts. These latter however, are too bleak and exposed to snowstorms to have much value excepting for summer pasturage. The greater part of this business is carried on with Chile. The Andine provinces abound in mineral deposits: Jujuy for example has deposits of petroleum, asphalt, rock crystal, gold, borax of which it exports considerable quantities, etc. Catamarca has gold, silver, nickel, copper, iron, lead, nitrates, borates, salt and kaolin. To these La Rioja adds cobalt, tin, precious stones such as the topaz, coal and beautiful marbles. In this province are the famous Famatina silver mines, at one [illegible] far and wide for their richness. The same prodigality of mineral wealth characterises San Juan and Mendoza, but stagnation, indifference, a want of understanding have settled like a pall on the whole region. This is explained by the scanty infiltration of foreign blood and new ideas, owing partly to the long distance from the great entrepots for foreign commerce, such as Buenos Aires, partly to the disastrous condition of mining laws for the country, and the want of transport, factors which impede the developement of the natural resources of the west.

Mendoza is the most important of the Andine provinces. A great part of it consists of extremely fertile valleys, which when properly irrigated give surprising returns. It is preeminently the wine-growing district of the republic, the soil and climate being exceptionally suitable. The capital, Mendoza—partly destroyed by an eartquake in 1561 when 13.000 persons perished, the site being afterwards changed to the present one—is older than Buenos Aires, having been founded in 1560 or twenty years before the definite foundation of this city. The climate of the province is extremely varied, the thermometer marking from 5 to 41 degrees, according to situation and season. For British Colonials or North Americans with a sound practical knowledge of wine making or grapegrowing for table consumption Mendoza holds out many inducements; but outside of that small field it has little to offer. In Mendoza begins the pine tree of the Andine region, which further south forms important forests.

The immence expanse of the pampas, fertile and generally well watered and having a generous rainfall, gives them a marked advantage over any other plain area of similar extent. The great plains of Russia like the praires of North America, are buried under the snow during a fairly long period each year; whereas the great plaips of Australia are parched in summer by the fierce sun that beats down upon them month after month without even a passing cloud to soften its fires; whilst even India, which in a certain measure has the same advantages of eternally snowclad mountains to feed the great rivers that wind their way through the thirsty soil, has the insuperable disadvantage of a climate which in its summer intensity becomes insupportable to the European. The great plains of the Argentine Republic have none of these disadvantages. The climate, if warm, is admirable in summer, and mild in winter. It is in great part destitute of trees, excepting the small plantations of judicious landowners. But on the other hand the eye everywhere loses itself over seas of green pasture or growing crops that stretch away beyond the horizon in all directions. It reminds one of the great plains of the Mississippi valley between spring and winter. The same great seas of verdure, the distant towns and villages, the vast ranches dotted over with cattle; and here and there small woods, or dark green bands that mark the course or some stealing river. Buenos Aires, or as it is often called "The Queen Province", La Pampa, south eastern San Luis and Córdoba, Santa Fe, with Entre Ríos and Corrien-



Gauchos of the west dancing the tango

tes belong to his immense, and fertile plain which from the pastoralist's and agriculturalists' stand-point has no equal. Santiago del Estero, Chaco, Formosa and eastern Salta have a striking similarity to the plains of India, and owing to their climatic conditions and natural resources which will yield good results only to large outlays of capital, belong for development to other generations. In writing this I am reminded of a descripción given in Hughe's Geography published about twenty years ago, and probably still in use. Describing these great plains it states: "The pampas are no aésA.tó

pampas are vast plains which, according to the changes of the season, are alternately covered with herbage or with gigantic thistles. They stretch from the estuary of the La Plata to the base of the Andes". Although in some neglected field one may from time to time still find the thistle as high as the head of a man on horseback, whatever of truth may once have justified the picture, the reality no longer exists. British capital and British enterprise have written themselves deep and strong over all the broad bosom of the republic, or at least of that part of it which is richest and most progressive. They have laid the foundations of an enormous system of railways which give ready transport to the huge volume of produce poured out by the everteeming plains, and tempt the tardy riches of the purple west. Of the shipping 60 o|o is British, because the great market to which this country turns whether for the sale of its products or to borrow money for national works, is the British market. And so it happens that not only does Great Britain provide the market, but also the means for getting the fruits of the soil to that market. So far as Great Britain is concerned, we in this country have no cause for complaint. The attitude of the great world power to Argentine has always been that of a considerate and indulgent mother to her child; and so close have the ties grown, with such confidenc do we toke our necessities to the great metropolis that no one can fail to realise that between the two nations — the young and still feeble, and the old and strong, and battle-scarred, there is some greater and nobler the than that of mere commercial interest.

Before closing this article it is well to remark that one gets accustomed to hear the expressión, "Oh, the English have everything! Or, "Humph, these English railways are not as good as the French or the North American"! The injustice of such remarks is evident. They probably originate with people who have no interest in the country, beyond that of selling it as much of their wares as possible. A favourite way of making a sale is by appealing to the jealousy of the buyer. This has been a general practice with those trying to compete with the British—to appeal to local prejudice or sensitiveness and if that did not exist, to create it. But the great work of the British capitalists in Argentina, and the faithfulness with which it has been carried out in comparison with, many be judged by a brief glance national administrations can be credited with may be judged by a brief glance at the splendid railways traversing the country in all directions which stand to the credit of tne foreign capitalists, and the neglected and impassable highways standing to the credit, or should we say discredit of the nation itself. This opens up an illimitable field for speculation; but it is safe to say that it would pay the credit of the British capitalists, and costly, and worse than unnecesary fleet for scrap iron and with the proceeds lay down such roads as would make possible the free circulation of traffic all over this magnificent and fast-growing country.

Argentina has all the main features of the great, new countries in so far as its general life is concerned an intense love of freedom, a jeaously of restraint in matters of mere convention, but underlying all this, is an undercurrent of thought which has come down from spanish times; and may be traced with clearness right back to the Morrish domination of the Iberian Peninsula. It is more evident in the family life to which in the trust sense, the stranger rarely finds entrance. Distinguished French writers such as Jules Huret, and even spanish visitors have written in curiously frank terms on these traits. An observance of them helps the foreigner in many ways, as it enables him to understand what, otherwise, seems a cold or even unfriendly aloofness. English people perhaps more than any others, are prone to this error, which leads them to a wrong conception of the Argentine character a character, it may be said in which so may beautiful and human sentiments blend confusedly with the seductive courtesy of the Orient.



Leaving home

TO S. J.

A Fragment

Dear dreamer of the long ago,
Where wendest thou?
Thy gentle eyes are all aglow
With slumbrous fires, and low
Thy lips bespeak me how
In far oasis where the deserts stretch
around,
Those patient, wistful eyes so much
of sweetness found.

The Arab maid that homeward
brings the kine
With tinkling bells.
Sees in the shimmer of the evening
star, a sign;
Or reads her future in the twisted vine;
Or weaves her maiden's spell
In whirring of some frightened bird
that in the night
Speeds down the perfumed breeze
in hurried flight.
....

G. M.

la intensa e inteligente labor realizad

THE SON OF HIS OLD AGE

BY ELSIE OLIVER

(SPECIALITY WRITEN FOR CRITICA)

On a certain autumn evening in 1914, Pére Hébert stood at his cottage door, staring out over the brown landscape to where it lost itself in the distant woods. The westering sun shone full across him where he stood, throwing the hard lines about his mouth deep into shadow, and tinging his earth-stained clothes with red.

It had been a damp, depressing day, and the fringe of straggling grey hair that peeped out from under the old velvet cap was wet as though the man had been afield.

He was sane in those days and well preserved for so old a man.

"Henri is long in coming", he muttered presently, a look of tense anxiety stealing into his eyes. Then the grim face twisted into a sinister smile.

"Henri has found something to keep him busy, perhaps", he went on. "Foi! but France wants many busy men just now. Bring Pére Hébert more buttons, boy, and you may stay out as long as you like".

He dug a claw-like hand into the pocket of his blouse and drew out a handful of brass buttons.

"Not much to do for la Belle France", he muttered, turning them over and gloating over the different crests on each; "but every one of these means a house of mourning in vile Prussia".

Suddenly, from the direction of the woods, a shrill whistle sounded. Pére Hérbert pocketed the buttons hurriedly to shade his eyes. For a while he scanned the fields in silence, then, with a sigh of relief, as if having seen what he sought, he turned into the house.

Five minutes crept by; then a heavy step sounded on the path outside Pére Hérbert looked up from his task of stirring the pot.

"Good evening Henri!" he cried. "Any luck to-day?"

A tall, awkward youth, bent low under a bundele of brushwood, came lurching in at the door.

"Nothing much, Father", he answered, dropping his load as he spoke. Then, crossing over to the old man and lowering his voice: "But, there are Uhlans near the main road!"

Pére Hérbert rubbed his hands with satisfaction, beaming proudly on his son.

"That's well Henri," he chuckled, nodding his head gleefully. "There may be more work for us to-morrow. One Uhlan, one button, eh? See!"

Henri glanced at the glittering buttons in his father's hand, and the colour went from his cheeks.

"You run a needless risk father!", he blurted out angrily. "If those pigs come here and search your pockets..."

The young man put an imaginary rifle to his shoulder accompanying the movement with a suggestive click of the tongue.

Pére Hébert snapped his fingers contemptuously.

"They are such fools", cried he; "and even if they kill me, bien! they will have paid dearly enough for one old man.

"But the longer you live, father, the fewer enemies will France have".

The father returned to his task without answering. Henri watched him for a moment in silence, then bent over his bundle of brushwood and began untying it, plunging his hand into the middle, when the twigs fell apart to draw out a rifle that was hidden there.

"If you want to clean that, Henri" said the old man over his shoulder, "do it on the bench outside".

"Why father?"

"If those Prussian pigs come quietly they may see you through the window. You would see them first if you worked outside, and you would have time to hide it again. A Prussian rifle might look suspicious".

The young man took the weapon outside, as he was bid, and set to work oiling and cleaning it with all the care of a marksman.

"We haven't many cartridges left, father", he called through the open door.

"There's still one dozen of the fat sergean's", came the chuckling reply, "him we buried in the orchard".

When supper was ready Henri tied up his rifle again in the brushwood, and sat down facing his father at the table.

A tall, bony youth he was, of about seventeen, with a bronzed face that had something of simplicity, something of rustic cunning in it.

His peasant's clothes consisted of stained with the earth of ploughed blouse, loose trousers, and sabots, all fields.

"You've been watching in the trees I see", said the old man, peering across his soup bowl.

"Not to-day, father".

"But there's the green moss in the bend of your elbow".

"Ah, that! The Uhlans were about, and I had to climb the nearest tree to hide my gun. When they had gone, I had to climb up again to fetch it. In future I will always carry my little bundle of brushwood.

He winked mysteriously, but the father objected.

"You may not be able to get the weapon if you want it suddenly", said he", besides, such a bundle is not carried about quickly and with ease. If one were cornered now suddenly, eh? and one had to untie one's rifle before one could shoot, eh? how then?"

For answer Henri dived his hand under his blouse and produced a murderous looking pruning-knife. It had a hook-shaped blade, sharp and bright, and the handle was red with an ominous rust.

"I should still have this", said he with a grin. "The fat sergeant had a taste of it, and he died quickly. And I have other little tricks sometimes, and I get quite close without being seen".

"And what have you been doing today?"

"Keeping my eyes open while I worked".

"Bah!", cried the old man, impatiently. "Never mind the work till we sweep ces messieurs lá over the frontier again. They will undo all the work you do."

Their talk turned on the war and the Uhlans, and father and son sat on till the little room was shrouded in darkness, cursing the invader that was sweeping France, recalling incidents in the lives of young men they had known, conscripts who had marched away at the call of France, and whose simple letters came no more after Mons.

"What did you say the Prussians were doing outside Mons?" Pére Hébert asked as he was bolting up for the night.

"Collecting fodder for the horses".

"Then they may be this way in the morning. If so, good-bye to our little rick, Henri — or else more buttons for my collection eh?"

The old man embraced his son and kissed him tenderly before going to rest. This son of his old age was dearer to him than life itself. Other children he had none, and since the death of his wife, five years before, father and boy had lived quite alone on the solitary little farm.

Soon after sunrise next morning they were astir again, eager to try their luck in the woods. Outside the sun shone brightly, flooding the peaceful landscaps with its light, and tempering the cool autun breeze with its rays. The old man was busy preparing their simple meal, but he stopped from time to time and gazed out out over the quiet countryside.

"Come Henri", he called up the stairs presently, "let us breakfast and go".

They ate in silence and then went out, closing the door after them. Henri walked in front, his bundle of brushwood on his shoulder. The father followed a few paces behind, moving more slowly and carrying nothing beyond a small parcel of food, which he had flung over his shoulder in a stick.

"Be careful, Henri, for the love of the good God be careful!" he called after his son as they took the path that led to the woods.

The young man turned to wave his hand reassuringly, then, increasing his speed, was quickly out of sight over a rise in the fields.

They had arranged no plan of action — father and son were too plodding for that. Each was making his way to the woods, intending merely to watch there for any straggling Prussian that might come their way. They had done this at intervals for weeks past, mostly without result, sometimes with.

Continuing his way, Pére Hérbert reached the edge of the wood in about half an hour. Then leaving the path he plunged deeper into the shade, peering cautiously around as he advanced. It took him another ten minutes to reach the spot he sought, but he went forward with the confidence of one knowing the place well.

Presently he came to a stand at a point where the high road showed like a white ribbon among the trees, thirty yards away.

"May be we'll have some sport to-day", he muttered, stooping to hide his stick under the dead leaves.

And a moment later, with an agility surprising in so old a man, he was clambering into the lower branches of a tree. More than one Prussian had coughed out his life near the foot of this same tree, for it was Pére Hébert's watch-tower, from the upper branches of which he had scanned the surrounding wood for many a long hour during the past weeks.

Making his way now slowly upward, he came presently to a fork among the branches. Here he seated himself comfortably, hidden from below by the foliage around, yet commanding a view that extended as far as the road. Before him, dangling by its sling from the nearest branch, a rifle hung. He unhooked it leisurely and set to work unwrapping the oiled rags with which the breech was protected. Then, loading it he settled down to wait.

Save for the resulting leaves, the hum of insects, the chirruping of birds, not a sound broke the silence, and two hours crept wearily by. Pére Hébert yawned, but his eye never left the strip of road and its surroundings.

"Those pigs are not moving to-day", said he for the hundredth time, then suddenly craned his neck to listen.

From the direction of Mons the sound of hoofbeats came, very faintly at first, but growing louder and more distinct every moment.

With a nervous smile twitching his wrinkled face, the old man cocked his rifle hurriedly. The game was coming at last.

At the point where the road showed up among the trees it took a sudden rise, such a rise as brought most horsemen down to a walking pace. Perhaps that was way Pére Hébert chose this as his watching place. At any rate, he was waiting now with the air of a marksman who is confident of his target.

But he was disappointed. The hoof beats drew nearer and nearer, then a horseman swept by and up the slops without slackening. For a few seconds Pére Hébert strained his eyes to follow the glittering accoutrements.

"Another many Uhlan gone to Paris!" he muttered half aloud, clenching his teeth with rage.

He had hoped to see some straggler before this, and the second spell of waiting dragged more wearrily than the first. For Henri it was different; he was young and fleet of foot, therefore able to venture near the Prussians, where he could use his knife if the opportunity came.

But now another stir broke the silence, a fuller, stronger sound this time, as of a body of men on the march.

Pére Hébert listened for some moments before bringing his gun down again to cover the road.

Five minutes crept by, then a Uhlan came into sight on the road. He was followed by another and another, their pennons fluttering gaily on the breeze, their accoutrements jingling, their helmets flashing back the mid-day sun. After them came a string of country carts, each vehicle heavily laden with hay and driven by a man of the Prussian commissariat.

But Pére Hébert did not shoot, though the little farms around pass calmly ger. He was still waiting for stragglers, his eyes brimming with tears, his face distorted with rage, as he wtched the tail of the little convoy pass slowly by. It was a terribly bitter moment for the old man seeing the humble produce of the little farms aronud pass calmly away in the hands of the invader.

"But there will be stragglers presently", he told himself again. "Those lazy pigs that take short cuts through the woods".

And presently the first of the ill-fated stragglers appeared. He came into view from tre direction of Mons, walking slowly and unsteadily as if he had been drinking. Once he stopped, put his rifle clumsily to his shoulder, and shot at a passing bird. The bullet went wide and the man lurched forward again, cursing loudly in German.

Pére Hébert smiled and licked his dry lips.

"Good!", said he to himself. "If those pigs shoot without attracting notice, so may we."

Shutting one wrinkled eye, he aquinted along the barrel of his weapon and pulled the trigger.

The Prussian dropped like a log among the drifting leaves. For a moment he lay kicking and twitching pathetically, like a wounded hare, then rolled over on to his face and was still.

Pére Hébert hung his rifle up again, preparing to descend. He had lowered himself from his seat to the branch below, and was glancing quickly round before going any farther, when the crackling of a dry twig near-by brought his head round with a jerk. Across the clearing below a bloused figure was hurrying, making straight for the corpse.

"My brave Henri!" chuckled the old man, his face distorted with glee.

Henri seized the dead Prussian by the wrist and went back into the thicket at a run, dragging the body after him. He stopped for a moment to lift the dead man's helmet fron where it had fallen, then disappeared among the trees.

"But, he seems to be in a great hurry", muttered the old man, staring curiously, after his son. "I wonder whether he—"

"Fritz! Fritz".

A harsh German voice ringing suddenly through the wood cut Pére Hébert's soliloquy short. Then he understood. Somewhere near by a comrade was calling to the dead Prussian — and Henri was in deadly peril.

For a moment the old man's heart failed him. He almost called aloud to his son in his fright. But he stopped himself in time, and made for the rifle instead.

"Fritz".

The cry was again, quite near this time, and at the same moment a helmet spike came into sight, glittering among the trees.

Pére Hébert watched, trembling with excitement till a blue-tunicked figure appeared, near the road. A huge Bavarian he was, bronzed and savage looking, coming as if by some strange instinct, straight towards the spot where his comrade had fallen.

"Now for the second!" muttered the old man, bringing the rifle slowly up. To miss now might be fatal. Besides, Henri would know how to look after himself; this was not his first Prussian hunt.

Nearer came the soldier and still nearer, till Pére Hébert could hear his heavy breathing. Then suddenly, with an exclamation of alarm, he stumbled upon the blood of his murdered comrade. He stared stupidly down for a moment at the red splashed leaves on the ground. The next instant he had unslung his rifle, fixed his bayonet, and was making for the point where Henri had disappeared, following the track that the dead man's heels had made.

It was too late to shoot now, too late to do anything but wait, and Pére Hébert sat on his perch, sick with fear, listening to every sound that came up to him. He heard the Prussian's cautions footsteps cracking the dry twigs as he went, the sudden whir of wings as some startled bird found its solitude invaded, and all the while he waited, till he could hold his peace no longer.

'Henri", he screamed in his thin quavering voice. "Look to yourself! There's a Prussian after you!"

The cry died away in the trees, but no answer came, only the twitter and hum of the woods.

How was it all to end? Had the boy got his rifle with him, or was he to be taken by surprise, armed only with his pruning knife? This last thought froze the blood in the old mans veins. In fancy he saw the son of his old age cowering like a hunted beast among the under-growth, the huge Bavarian drawing nearer to him, step by step. He could almost hear the piteous cry of "Father save me!" that would ring through the woods as the glittering bayonet flashed to its mark. And then.

"Wer da?" come the Prussian's chal from somewhere in the midst of the thicket.

Pére Hébert started violently and craned his neck to listen

"Wer da?" came the Prussians challenge again followed almost immediately by an awful shriek of agony, the sound of scuffling, and the snapping of the dry undergrowth.

"Henri! Henri!, screamed the old man, frenzied with the thought of the deadly struggle that was going on, hidden behind that screen of leaves.

It seemed an age before the sounds died down. Then the crack-crack of dry twigs drawing nearer every moment told that the survivor was coming back again. In a few moments he would emerge on to the little clearing.

Pére Hébert grasped his rifle more firmly now.

"If that pig has hurt my boy—" he muttered, then lapsed into silence and waited.

His eyes burned like balls of fire, his head throbbed with the strain as he stared at the sport where Henri and the Prusian had disappeared. What was he to see —the brass spike of a Prussian helmet or his own dear boy's tousled head and the blue blouse?

Suddenly, with an awful scream of rage, he drew his rifle to this shoulder. All his fear was gone now, his eyes were ablaze, and only the mad, blind craving for revenge remained.

A glittering helmet-spike showed for a second, coming drough the straggling edge of the thicket. The next instant a rifle-shot shook the trees and a blue-bloused figure picked forward into the clearing! Not two feet from the tousled head a Prussian helmet rolled, rocking to and fro on the dead leaves, tapping gently with each movement on the blade of a red-splashed prunning-knife.

And somewhere in the thicket beyond a secnd Prussian lay dead. Small wonder, for his murderer, wearing a Prussian helmet, had taken him unawares among the undergrowth. Henri's strategem had been a complete success.

The good people around Mons said that Pére Hébert lost his reason when the Prussians shot his son.

But the y never guessed the truth.

PERACA DE VERANEO

Rodolfo P. Peracca, es una especie de Frégoli de la actividad. El financista, el hombre de mundo y el poeta se aunan y se confunden y se completan quizá en esta trinidad sin misterio de este Peracca solo único y verdadero.

Así el eficaz agente financiero que ha salvado tantos negocios, administrador de muchos millones confiados a su pericia de experto hombre de negocio, el impulsor y propagandista del Barrio de Playa Grande — el Deauville de Mar del Plata que a Peracca debe su auspicioso florecimiento de Villa veraniega europea — grave e imponente como corresponde a un as de la alta banca y el elegante Peracca del impecable frac, pequeñito y delgado, sutil como la misma espiritualidad del salón y el otro Peracca amador romántico, adorador del bello sexo, gentil y epigramático como un hidalgo francés, no se estorban en lo más mínimo. Los madrigales del poeta, los suspiros del amador y los números del habil financista, respetuosos entre sí de sus respectivas jurisdicciones viven tranquilamente y sin conflictos dentro del alma múltiple de este Peracca único.

Este comentario ligeramente risueño nos lo sugiere la noticia de que Rodolfo P. Peracca parte de veraneo a Mar del Plata y pronto tendremos los comentarios de sus informativas pizarras que mantienen a los veraneantes al corriente de todas las novedades financieras y políticas del país.



"Critica's" opinion of Great Britain

THE SACRED ISLE

All England in the Battle

Rudyard Kipling has said: "While England lives no one dies!"

The prophesy is being fulfilled. The great poet of the people has seen into the mists of Time.

To the poets are known the invisible threads of History; they barken to the steps of destiny in its march; they can hear he voice of God in the silence to translate it to the language of men. Thus England is the guarantee which God has given to the Eternity of the world. Alert in arms she sails the seas throughout the universe. She is the Sacred Isle: the Flagship of the five continents, that bears the future of the nations toward the sun. England now shields Humanity with her heart, as before she spread over it her intelligence, and the pulsations of that giant heart have regulated the life of the Earth, circling it like a giant tide drawn across the immensity of the ocean by her solar light. She is the Sacred Isle. Immutable as Eternity itself, she seems to march onward with the sea, to go onward to eternity... England is the abiding place of Destiny; Time, resting, pauses on her bounds to rectify his course as in a oasis of the dawn. She is the Sacred Isle where the Universe finds rest. Spread out upon the ocean she appears a Titan placed by Destiny to guard the world.

The sun of Europe fleeing from the catastrophe that stains with flame the horizon of the continent has sunk beneath the sea; but England has raised it high again afloat upon the the decks of her invincible armada; and the new aurora, radiant with hope, shines like a cosmic miracle on the Sacred Isle.

Never as in the present hour, historic and supreme, has there been permitted to the noble Albion a more gigantic destiny; and never as now, has she better fulfilled her part before the world with the serene majesty of her strength and the legendary chivalry of her race.

Europe and civilization owe to England their salvation in this great disastre. She entered into the formidable struggle from motives of honour, for honour she is at the centre of the battle; and with honour she will come out of it victorious, assuring for ever the peace of the world and the reign of justice.

Respect for her sworn promise moved her energies to fulfilment even to sacrifice; the unheard of insolence of the barbarians, violating all pacts, trampling on the most elemental principles of right, made her arise majestically at the affront to defend with arms the faith of her sacred oath.

The independence of a little state, the heroism of whose sons has made it great in Eternity, had placed itself under the safekeeping of English honour crystalised in the prestige of centuries now fulfils its word ratifying the ancient compromise with the rubric of blood. Nothing, however, but her own innate nobility obliged England to take this decisive step...

The justification of her neutrality would have been easy before the nations; the right of powerful entities is always believed in, whether men or nations; and the moral cowardice in this case would have been prudence and good sense. Allowing the other great powers to exhaust themselves in the formidable conflict, secure in her isolation, with the highways of the sea free to the currents of her riches, and with the peace that would assure the possession of her immense colonies, England would without doubt have been the only nation capable of imposing law on the world, raising herself with a grandeur never yet seen, upon the ruins of Europe. She would have been the iron key ti lock the old continent, converted into her dominion.

Nor would the pretext have lacked. In the confused threads of diplomacy, things become involved in such a way that permeates the tangled skein of intrigue and sophism. With but a little indifference, England would have rid herself of her responsibility in the eyes of the world, if only for tne moment. And it is this indifference that Germany asked and hoped for to enable her to successfully carry out her barbarous agression.

A hundred times the German Empire approached England with friendly words and splendid promises, to make her an accomplice in her plan, and to share with her the booty of conquest and the empire of iron; and a hundred times roble British chivary indignantly hurled back the bastard proposition.

England commenced to draw away from Germany from the moment that the imperialistic dream of the latter began to mould itself into reality, and the action began to put that caesarian dream in motion. The abyss which separates souls of a distinct moral level began to open between the two races who commenced to look upon each other with the eyes of enemies. In spite of that, Germany counted on the neutrality of England in the struggle she was preparing against Europe to secure her own hegemony.

So great were the interests of England compromised in the struggle, that it was logical to expect this attitude of expectancy, behind the protection of which the armies of the Kaiser would have been able to crush France turning at once against Russia with all the power of their arms, without giving time to mobilize all her immense armies and prepare them for defence.

The payment of the prescission of Great Britain would have been the handing over of the best of the conquered French colonies and the definite alliance with the German Empire, the irresistible master of the world. England thus would have obtained, without the least effort, the most enormous advantages, although civilisation would have sunk for ever beneath the heel of the Uhlan, and in the triumph of Germany the rights of nations would have fallen, swept away by the cannons of barbarism inflated with pride.

But if the plan of the German General Staff was well laid, Germany counted too much on the supposed calculating spirit of England. She did not count on the traditional loyalty of that people, the example for the world, always placed at the service of the most sacred human principles. England did not hesitate a moment; she had made all imaginable efforts in agreement with the friendly powers, to avoid war. The loyal and intelligent actuation of Sir Edward Grey, in the preliminaries of the conflict is above all suspicion. The King, for his part, put into the task his best efforts, and most ardent desires. It was only when Germany with a gesture of brutal cynicism unmasked, revealing the true extent of her bastard intentions, that England flung herself into the struggle, having exhausted the last resources of diplomacy....

Belgium, heroic and unhappy country, was unexpectedly rushed by the most infamous of aggressions... Germany bade her choose between dishonour and a war equivalent to self-sacrifice., between the affront of giving free passage to the invading army on its way to strike France in the back, or to suffer fire and sword in the worst of conditions against an enemy a hundred times as strong.

Belgium did not hesitate; she chose the sacrifice, and on her generous breast burst the first avalanche of the invasion.

England exacted from the aggressor respect for his sworn compromise, but already no law, and no wall that was not of iron could hold back that horde of barbarism in mutiny against the world. The bloodstained glove, already dyed in Belgian blood, was taken up by the noble England on the point of the lances of her famous cavalry; and this glove of iron, stained to purple, is the best standard of the British legions in this holy crusade of justice.

England did not vacilate an instant, agitated with grave internal conflicts, through the famous "Home Rule", conceded to Ireland, and haughtily resisted by Ulster, the mother Britain, convoked all her sons for the judgment of God, the three kingdoms united in one single heart and in one single heroism, like a holy Trinity reconstructed for the new miracle.

The flag of battle was raised for the liberty of the nations; and in every region of the immense empire the roads were filled with soldiers, the streets of their portentous cities overflowed with warriors... The elegant aristocrat of the Clubs, titled sportsmen, the artist, the politician, the labourer, the peasant disputed for the honour of being the first expedicionaries; and within a very little time England was able to put under arms the most powerful volunteer army the centuries had ever seen. The traditional bravery of the English accomplished prodigies from the frist combats, protecting the allied armies that fell back before the avalanche of the victorious hordes. If Enginad could not save Belgium, perhaps because in the designs of Providence this bloody sacrifice was necessary to sanctify tne cause of Liberty, she was able to save France, and with France, the world.

While her powerful fleets paralised the naval action of Germany, blockading her in the caves of Heligoland, and sweeping her corsairs from the seas, English transports continued disembarking army after army on the continent, like great arteries pouring the blood of life into a heart.

And there we have all England in the battle for Humanity.

In the air, on the earth, and upon the seas, in all latitudes the symbol of Albion flutters like a great hope of Victory. The Isle of Light is changed into a mountain of iron to withstand the inundation... And now upon this mountain breaks the impotent rage of Germany, and the contemptible English army" of the first proclamations of the insensate Kaiser presses forward opening highways through the enemies trenches by sheer force of courage and grapeshot.

Teuton cesarism never calculated that from the side of England, in front of it there should arise this invincible wall. And for this is the concentiated and implacable hate toward their enemies of the Isles...

They would now give France the most costly moral and material compensations to separate her from her Ally, to concentrate their fever of revenge aproached France as they previously apagainst Britain. They have now approached England in their diplomacy of intrigue and treason; and with identical results. In the course of this gigantic struggle Germany has tried this "coup" in different forms, and on different occasions, failing completely before the eternal link which from now and forever unites the destinies of the powers of the Holy Alliance... Because the war must continue until the Accursed Empire be blotted out from the map and from the memory of men... Because it is the reparation which the Holy Alliance owes to the rights of nations and the peace of the world.

England could not remain indifferent in this struggle, seeing in front of her the titanic forces of an empire rising on the ruins of democracy and the death of liberty. That impossible attitude would, to Great Britain, have been equivalent to the most shameful abdication of her sacred investiture of helping mothor to the nations. She would fallen in a moment of selfish prudence, from the pedestal of glory cemented in the centuries, that holds her up before the face of the Universe, and which constitutes her most splendid grandeur.

Albion the magnanimous could not help doing what she did generously help doing what she did, generously staking all on the fortune of war in a prodigious exaltation of self-sacrifice. England would have ceased to be what she was, not being what se his, and what in her own marvellous way she will continue to be. History testifies to this tradition: In modern times there has been no nation which in the sad hours of oppression and servitude did not turn its eyes to noble England; nor has there at any time been a nation that has in vain invoked her saintly patronage or her saving help.

There, where the rights of a people were shipwrecked, so it would be in the most distant and unknown regions of the earth; thither steering to their succour, the warships of Albión, beflagged in all their glory, to rescue them from death and by safe courses to secure by bring them to a harbour. A thousand times have the salvage ships of England taken the liberties of the world in tow.

Whole continents arose at her presence, from the dark shadows of their ancient barbarism, keeping afloat in the sea of civilisation, poised on the at lantian shoulders of the colossal Empire chosen by Destiny to watch over the conquests of Genius, and to guard the spiritual inheritance of the human race as a treasure of light.

Fairy of the seas, queen of the oceans, it was the noble Albion in her flagship on whose sails alighted the eagles of the epopee that launched herself upon the hurricanes of death, stamped by the sun as by a seal divine that heralded victory.

No empire was ever more respected; no empire ever filled the universe with more light, because hers was the empire of Liberty. For this the sun, as if hypnotised, pauses leaning on his spear, and never sets upon her dominions, as in the reign of the Castillian monarch; for in the deeps of Destiny there is no shadow great enough to extinguish this Empire of the dawn.....

For all the light that lacks in British skies shut in by their eternal mists has taken refuge in the soul of the race, and condensed in fire in the British heart. And even as the Fairy of the Mists, England has be able to give forth the fire and the light that have illuminated the hearths of many proscribed peoples, pilgrims of misfortune.

The ships of Albion were the bridges by which civilization crossed the abyss when the surrounding night hid the distant shores. Bridges where the Past unites with the Future in the mysterious highways of Time — these are the remotest worlds, following the pointways into the unknown, discovering the remotest orlds, following the pointings of all the stars.

As the ships of Colombus listening to the first faint voices of a new world beyond the western seas, the ships of the English harkened to the faint cries of the Future born of potential Barbarism, and went forth to seek and offer them as a gift from God to his chosen peoples.

That has been England; and that is England. The Isle of Iron no longer an island; it is an arm of Fraternity, and Istmus of concord, that in the clasp of a supreme oath binds all the continents, for it is an arm that reaches over all the oceans.

England has directed the proclamation of victory, marshalling in this sacred war of liberty her loyal citizens who come from the four cardinal points of the earth, speaking the most distinct tongues. From the banks of the Ganges and of the Nile, with all the legends of their sacred rivers; from the Islands of the Antipodes enormous as continents; from the desert sands of Africa, and from the snows of Canada. Nomad Arabs, sedentary Hindues, with their laughty chiefs and strange arms; the miners from the Cape; and Maoris from New Zealand; bushmen from Australia, shepherds from Senegal, Canadian fishermen. The five races of mankind united in a single love for the Metropolis. Something of the grand and the profound there must be in the influence that England exercises over the peoples of her dominion that this magnificent spectacle, unique in the centuries should be possible! And there is: The sovereignty of England is more protection than dominion; more liberty than it is authority. The warsong is sung in all the strangest. languages; and the God of battles is invoked in the most diverse accentts, and according to the most extraordinary rites.

But on the battle-field one single word unites the courage of all these peoples: "England"! one single word puts them in movement, lifts up their arms, and brings their hearts together: "England"! one single word that is the countersign of duty, and the sign and seal of victory: "England"!

Where is the egoism of the English? Where the perfidy of the noble and calumniated race? Who called the Isle of the Loyal "Pefidious Albion"? What regent has forged that unheard-of infamy in history? When did she deny her faith? When did she break her pacts? It is tot maintain that faith, and to safeguard those pacts, for the tradictional honour of the race that England has entered the struggle... knowing that on the hazard of battle she staked her life and her destiny, her present grandeur and her future magnificence, her prestige in the ages and her dominion in the world.

And for the beauty of her gesture, for the conscience of her providential mission Britain has arrayed her troops beside the Belgian heroes and the crusaders of France in the vanguard of Time, facing the black past that survives in the hordes of the Accursed Empire. England has united with the Contiennt as in those epic days of Napoleon; and now as then with her arms she would beat down the throne of a would-be Master of the world, an Emperor of Victory, in his visions of universal hegemony. She has now to humble the mad Cesar who, supported by the subaltern people of Teutonia would plagiarise the monstruous dream of the Great Emperor, in the fever of a delirium without grandeur.

For this her mariners sing "Rule Britannia", with warlike accents, upon the decks of those expeditionaries of glory; for this her warships traverse all the oceans, to keep the ways of civilization against the corsairs armed by the barbarous enemy.

If the life of the universe has not paused in this formidable shock; if the world has not been swallowed up in the vortex of this catastrophe, it is because England was there above the abyss to sustain it. And that is the debt of gratitude the world has contracted with her, in this hour of shadow and tragedy. The ships of Albion have been the sacred arks of the dawn in which the destinies of the races were fire from this ood from out the shadows.....

The warsong raised by her intrepid mariners in every latitude, fortifies the spirit of every people, and revives universal hope in the attainment of a lasting peace, after this parenthesis of horror. The invincible power of the noble England is the best guarantee of that end; her mighty fleets are the watchful custodians of the sacred patrimony of the human race.....

In Europe and Africa, in Asia and America and Oceania England is under arms for the world; on earth, in air, upon the sea. Her colonial troops are now destroying the remnants of the barbarian Empire in the remotest regions; and her cruisers are cleaning the seas of its pirates.....

As Venice, once, in medioeval midnight, with her little republican warships, guarded the pathways of the dawn, England with her battleships to-day in the highways of the future protects the commerce of the world. The winds of victory sing above those giant decks in unison with the waves that beat upon the flanks of steel, as if they were the applauses of the world; they move the wings of her airships that know all that is audacious, and fill the air with every kind of prodigy; they flutter the banners of her regiments in the tempest of her charges, magnificent in their impetus and bravery; they thunder in her cannons and resound in the hoofbeats of her warsteeds; in the souls of the soldiers as they go to the trenches; in the hurrahs of the victors; in the groans of the wounded, and in the death-rattle of the dying. It is the wind of victory... The baring of the maternal bosom of the Sacred Isle.

England is the vanguard of the world; the reserve of the forces of civilization; the inexhaustible fount of blood and heroism, where, in the thirst of incessant battle Humanity drinks the wine of triumph. The great things of the future are entrusted to her advocation; new suns affrighted by the winds and the shades of death that come from black German forests have made their auroral nest in the glory of England, and have sheltered beneath the folds of her banners flung to all the winds of Eternity. She is the mantle of Sacred purple, the wing of Ariel covering the life of the Universe.

Destiny itself goes with her; the Future mirrors itself in the steel of the lances of the expeditionaries of Albion; reflecting the first splendours of a heavenly dawning. England before God is the guarantee of that advent. England directs the holy crusade.

England affirms! Who doubts?

England does battle! Who does not expect the victory?

While England exists, liberty cannot perish in teh world.

While England lives nothing is lost; every miracle is possible.....

England cannot be vanquished; she has never been vanquished, she never shall be.

God save Albion! God save Albion!

CRITICA pays this tribute of homage to noble England, from this side of the seas saluting the victory of her arms.

America, above all, owes the security of her commerce, and the tranquil expansion of her riches in peace, to the naval grandeur of England, whose victorious warships are her protectors...

The continental seas are kept open to the currents of universal life, because they are in the safe keeping of these warships, that guard the routes of civilization.....

And it is for this, that our America, which owed to England an efficient support in the hour of the Independence, now, in her hour of Peace exalts the grandeur of the new England which is all in the battle and present in the victory for the world.

Angel Falcó.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

(By Maurice King)

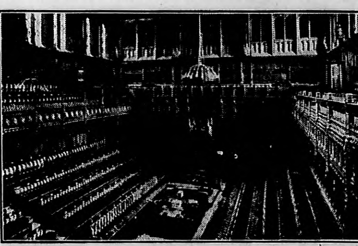
How strange is the attitude taken up by men who consider themselves patriots, and yet when asked "Do you take any interest in Politics?" answer, "Can't stand political stuff. Gets on my nerves." Of course, when they give this reply one can retort with "So you don't care at all how your counttry is governed? It is just the same to you who gets into Parliament, an intelligent liberal-minded, experienced and honest politician, or, a Tammany Hall boss".

To people who think like this, a visit to Westminster conveys nothing to the imagination, but to one who has followed the development of the British Constitution step by step, what a glorious picture is unrolled on looking down at this historic Chamber! The House of Commons has been making laws, for hundreds of years. Little by little, it has seen our country grow up into a world-wide Empire. Resolutions have been taken in this noble Gothic Chamber that have made old and domineering nations crumble away, and built up new ones; kings have been made and unmade; wars have been declared; grave constitutional struggles have originated here; and last, but not least, what will go down to history as one of the most memorable events of all; the debate on August 3rd 1914 preceding the declaration of war on Germany for its brutal violation of Belgian territory.

Houses of Parliament, London

When you hear someone speaking of the "House" you may interpret the meaning in various ways. A stockbroker will think it is the Stock Exchange; one of the great host of Life's failures will conjure up memories of the work-house that has occasionally sheltered him within the dreary stone walls of the casual ward; but to anyone who is interested in the great game of politics, "the House" can only mean the one at Westminster. The man in the street has quite erroneous ideas about our Legislative Assembly. If he sometimes glances at the columns of "Parliamentary Gossip" in his morning paper, he may think the "House" a very curious place. How amusing it must be to listen to the flashes of wit falling from the lips of Jeremiah Macveagh, the irrepressible member for South Down! What a thrilling moment to live through actually witnessing a "scene in the House"; the Sergeant-at-Arms and seven policemen forcibly eject an Irish member for causing obstruction. (Fortunately these days are past).

Should our friend, however, be keener on the less serious side of life than on politics, and happen to see the "Times" report of a lengthy debate, he will throw away his paper in disgust, wondering how men can be so foolish as to waste their time in such a hum-drum and monotonous way as to talk about Local Option, Adult Suffrage, Home Rule etc., and how others can be still greater fools to read the stuff they say. A line should be drawn between these divergent opinions. The House of Commons is neither a Music-Hall entertainment nor a prayer meeting. It is, above all, a very human assembly, varying in its moods from grave to gay. Among its 670 members there are maay who, when they get up to speak, empty the place much quicker than a fire would do, but there are others, again, whose speeches are an intellectual treat. The House is at times dull, as for instance, when some prosy member is complaining to the Postmaster General that at Muddleton-on-Slush the pillar boxes are cleared every evening at 7.45 and that, in the interests of the Nation and the Empire, the hour should be fixed at 9.30. But there are also speakers like Asquith, Lloyd George and John Redmond, to whom it is a pleasure to listen. Rhetorical display practically finished with Gladstone and Disraeli. Now-a-days, the House demands a plain, concise statement of facts, without any frills or flourishes, but from the mouth of a skilled orator, even a speech on the Budget can be made most interesting.



House of Commons, London

There have been M.P.'s who, not being able to make a name as quickly as they wished, gave up politics and retired from the House—but not for long. Just as the Poet sighs for "green fields", so does the ex-M.P. sigh for the "green benches" at Westminster, and within a year or two he has again entered the Parliamentary lists. Sir Henry Lucy describes how Gladstone was drawn back into political life after a temporary retirement, the wonderful attraction of the House being too strong for him. "Soon he (Gladstone) discovered his mistake. His manner of rectifying it was a little bit of comedy delightful to watch. Through the opening session of the Disraelian Parliament he studiously absented himself leaving the conduct of the business of the Opposition in commission. Shortly after Lord Hartington accepted the thankless post of Leader, he began furtively to appear on the familiar scene. As the session lengthened the old passion awakened in his breast. With increasing force he felt himself drawn back into the vortex of parliamentary life. The temptation was irresistible and the yielded to it. This he did with characteristic subtlety. When he looked in on debate he assumed a casual air, unconsciously founded upon remote study of Paul Pry, indicating a hope that he did not intrude. Also, like Paul Pry, he went the length of carrying an umbrella under his arm when he emerged from behind the Speaker's chair, an incident unparalleled in the career of an ex-Minister. Its meaning was clear to the seeing eye. When he left home nothing was further from his thoughts than resumption of attendance on sittings of the House of Commons. As he strolled down Parliament Street, meaning to take the air of the silver Thames as it swept by the Embankment, his eye fell upon the lofty structure of the Houses of Parliament. We can imagine him on this occasion saying to himself "Hullo! Here's the House of Commons. Let's go in and see what they are doing". The glamour of the House had reasserted itself over the man who, in youth and manhood, splendidly added to it".

In spite of all its shortcomings, the House of Commons impresses one. It has been rightly called the "Mother of Parliaments". Legislators in all parts of the world cite its rulings as an example. This House governs, directly or indirectly, about four hundred and fifty millions of people. It is the model for the rest of the world and the envy of all nations, not only for its antiquity, but also for its discipline. The latter is such as to make the foreign visitor gasp. No bells are broken here to ask for silence in the House, a nod from the Speaker is sufficient. The Mother of Parliaments, of which we are all proud, ought to be better known to Britons. We should know her well enough to describe her to strangers who will learn to respect our Institution as it deserves, and get some idea, no matter how slight, of what we feel when a solemn treaty is derided as a "scrap of paper".

"BORDERED BY A SLEEP"

by JOANNA MANSFIELD

(Specially written for CRITICA)

"The scandal made the foundations shriek with horror", said the night nurse, who, in character of Scherezade, was entertaining my sleepless hours. "Just picture half the visiting staff of St. Judes, Theatre-sister and nurses in attendance, walking round the screen to find a ten month's probationer clasping and kissing, or being clasped and kissed by a noble patient, whom she had never seen in her life before. The patient was excused en the plea that he was still untier chloroform".

She smiled her fascinating, cheery smile at the recollection. "Poor St. Jude's had the shock of its life; it prides itself justly, on turning every variety of young woman, from the blighted bud to the up uproarious tomboy, into the nearest human approach to a machine, guaranteed to do a maximum of warld with a minimum of rest and sleep. After months of its curriculum, it was naturally disgusted and annoyed to discover the existence of so susceptible a heart, capable of emotions, which led their hysterical possessor to behave "like a little housemaid", snorted the theatre Sister, indignant at this flagrant disregard of the Hospital's decorous tradition.

St. Jude's blushed vicariously from root to foundation, for the shameless failure, and dismissed her in disgrace, on the spot; but as Margaret Cecil became Lady Verulam, by special licence, during the following week, the dismissal only made her laugh — a rare, silvery laugh, which, with a flashing pair of dimples, and a happy smile, was among her recent acquisitions.

"Love at first sight, no doubt?" I questioned.

"Not at all, second sight is more like it; but Margaret, of course, was credited with witchcraft, indecency, impudence, anything from pitch and toss to manslaughter. Hypnotism our house Surgeon suggested. "Sheer brass in the face, which has always been better than gold in the pocket" decided the Irish night Super "An incredible assurance, more worthy of a courtesan than a trained nurse", so our revered Matrom; while old Lady Verulam commenced valiantly with "This disgusting nonsense that is, after all, too trifling to ring funeral bells over" and ended weakly in a burst of tears on Matron's sympathetic shoulder.

"I was dusting the surgery at the time, which opened on Matron's sanctum, and through a half-open door, heard Lady Verulam give vent to her woe.

"Matrimonial mistakes are only too common in our set" she deplored, "but at least, Matron, they present some visible reason for their occurrence legs, dollars, a really pretty face, or and extra shady reputation. Such motives, debased as they are, one can understand and cope with, but the subject of my unhappy nephew's infatuation" — here a Niagara of tears played havoc with an artistic make-up — "has no distinction of feature, fastness, or fortune, not even a leg to stand upon. And I was just congratulating myself, alas, too soon, on Verulam's monetary attentions to the handsomest pair in London, on show at the Vivacity, Nothing like an affair of that kind, I told myself, to keep me undowagered for many a year. There's something so appallingly ageing in tacking Dowager on to one, the irreparable outrage of the years is nothing to it. Then he goes off and wrenches a muscle or something, at Polo, and behold — this, too sad, mesalliance."

The piercing tones shook with indignation. She fixed Matron with a tearful gaze, impressively magnified by her lorgnette. "If ever you have anything to do with a young man's future", she conjured her, "keep him out of the hands of nurses; or if, in spite of you, he should be taken to Hospital, see to it that no female under forty years comes near him. Though what you don't know of nurses and their ways isn't worth knowing, I suppose. Why, I quite forgot, you must have been a nurse yourself, once upon a time.

Our Superintendent, proud of being the youngest Matron in London, shrank visibly at the "once upon a time".

Lady Verulam rattled on volubly. I asked Algy for an explanation, tried to

remonstrate, but he took the words out of my mouth by saying "Please don't Aunt Georgina; it's no use explaining, you'd only say I was mad." "As if the whole of London were not saying so". I could not help retoring. It annoyed me to see the utter satisfaction and ridiculous beatitude of his smile. Oh, Matron, Matron, surely you have some authority over this dreadful person, who has so fatally obsessed the boy?

All Lady Verulam's fluency of opposition did not prevent her from becoming a dowager that same week, through her nephew's marriage with his nurse; a marriage that stirred every matchmaking mother in Mayfair to a storm of futile and furious protest. They had anglead so long and patiently for this fine fish, who was not only the richest titled bachelor in England, but had been stamped with nature's own patent of nobility, those best of introductions, good looks, and good manners. Punch, you may remember, had just caricatured him as the Apollo Belvidere, and he had succumbed to such an untempting bait as a little, anaemic face under a nurse's demure cap, and an insignificant figure, trained into angularity by hard work. "A creature, who positively looks the under housemaid she evidently was" spoke Lady Verulam's acid contempt. The Mayfair mothers joined St. Jude's in unanimous disapproval."

"It must have been, a powerful spell, to act thus suddenly", I said.

"Spells had no more to say to that wonder of a union, than legs or dollars". The night-nurse's mocking voice grew suddenly earnest.

"It was a long journey that ended in the meeting of those true lovers, cast, once again, from the sea of Eternity, on to the shore of Time, with the memory of the past still holding them heart to heart".

"You are quite a poet. St. Jude's has not got rid of all your soft patches", I chaffed her, but she disdained to notice my interruption.

"It was a privilege", she went on, "to see that bit of a girl transfigured into a radiant woman, proud in the possession of her lover's heart, by a love that had, after centuries, come into its kingdom. And I'll always remember her love-story, as the most wonderful thing I have ever heard. I wish I could tell it to you as she told it to me, as convincingly and poetically", she added.

"I know you'll tell it just as well". I assured her.

"That would be impossible. You miss the lit eyes, the shaken voice, and the sweet lips that gave thanks for her happiness. I was her bridesmaid, for, like the questioner in the old riddle "Sisters and brothers she had none", and her parents were dead. She told me her tale, when we were alone, on the evening before her marriage. I see her now crouching on the floor at my feet, her great, tender eyes looking into the red heart of the fire, whose light sought and found little, golden glints in her dark, smooth hair.

"I have never told anyone before, she commenced, slowly. I have been afraid, because"—her shining eyes smiled at me "mental cases give one a sharp reminder that the dreamer of dreams is but a step from a maniac in everday eyes."

"I have always looked on you as sanest of women", I answered.

"She gave me a grateful glance. I know you have never believed me fast or foolish; you have been my friend through thick and thin, that is why I want you to hear the truth. Perhaps I ought to have told you before, but it was difficult to explain a state in which dreams are more than life, in which the dark brings daytime, to a woman whose sleep is a forgetting, a wholesome rest. What would you, my practical friend, say when I told you that I, who walked the wards beside you was dreaming of an existence long since over, in which, great great and splendid things happened to the little overworked Probationer? An existence that was a thousand times more real to her than the polishing of brasses and the scrubbing of mackintosh sheets".

"It could not well have been more uninteresting", I replied, with conviction.

"Uninteresting! Is a golden dawn, after a dull wet day, uninteresting? Are sunlit mountains and valleys uninteresting, after a weary desert plain? Back there, in the past, were youth, sunshine and throbbing incidents; here, in the hospital wards, even June sunshine and youth could not escape death's shadow. Hundreds of years ago, I had loved and been loved; had lived through high adventure as a great lady, and each night. I fell asleep feeling like a child returning to a dear home, from some harsh, strict school. I was just as disappointed as a child, when some comorant of an idea swooped down on my brain and tortured it to wakefulness; or when fatigue stood guard on the shore of day, and refused to let the Sea of Sleep sweep me backwards in Time. I was happy as a child, when I felt sleep's waves wash dreamily over me, knowing I should wake in that old garden, probably obliterated years and years ago, than which the world holds no dearer or more familiar sport".

"Her shining eyes were fixed dreamily before her on that oldworld view, thrown upon the screen of her memory.

"The first dream came to me when I was a little child. My mother and I were living through the lean years to which my father's long and fatal illness had condemned us I must have fallen asleep somewhere out of doors, for suddenly, I found myself there, on that stretch of velvety lawn, brilliant against the sombre thickness of yew hedges. There were openings cut in them and these were bisected by a red tiled path of many steps, down which I ran.

I carried a roughly painted doll of carved wood in my hand, and in spite of my long white satin skirts, I outdistanced the pursuing boy, to whom the toy belonged. Breathless and laughing, I dashed into a little waiting crowd of ladies and gentlemen. By far the most striking and splendid figure among them, was a young man, who wore a brilliant purple cloak over white silk hose, and rich velvet coat. He bare a somewhat weary look on his dark, handsome face.

"He caught me to him. A kiss, sweetheart, as price of freedom, he cried, an attractive smile lighting his sombre eyes, and endearing him to my child's heart.

"I flung my arms willingly round his neck, and gave the kiss he asked.

"Like the rest of her sex, she is Leicester's slave", sneeered a little, sharp-voiced man beside him.

"And I hers. I swear I have never seen a prettier thing. When you are a woman, sweet, wilt have me for your slave?"

"I shall marry you, an you wish it", I answered graciously, while the boy, who ran after me, lifted a hot, reproachful face.

"No, no, give her to me; she is mine", he cried jealously, and the man, laughing, set me down beside him.

"A pretty pair to show to her Grace", he remarked.

"There was a murmur of "The Queen, the Queen", and a sudden stir and swell of voice from the house. The waiting company parted. Between their bowing figures I caught sight of a tall woman in a spreading silvery gown, and glowing eyes that sought those of my handsome friend. Someone said "Curtsey, child, it is the Queen", and as I bent, it seemed to me that I fell a long distance, and woke, bewildered and cold.

"I ran home, for it was late, and tried to tell my mother of the garden and the boy and the gentlemen with feathers in their hats, "And the grandest of them all kissed me, mother", I finished, proudly.

"You must not tak nonsense, dear", said her gentle, reproving voice decidedly, and I knew that I must keep my fancies to myself.

"At first, the summer garden was the scene of my dreams; sometimes there was the company, and gossip of the Queen, and a glimpse of her rich red hair and splendid figure, but there was always the boy who played with, me and there were the delights of sunshine and flowers and endless games.

With the dreams our inches multiplied. I wore a muslin kerchief pinned across my breast, and my hair was drawn up under a ribbon snood, while the boy, who had been to Court, and was one of the Queen's Gentlemen, came back with a smudge of down above his handsome mouth.

"The Queen has sent many kind messages to you, Meg", he said, "and next year you must go to Court, but before that, I want you to marry me quietly, here. Then we shall be husband and wife, and no-ore on earth can part us". His serious voice broke into a happy cry. "Why, little Meg, darlin Meg, to think of it drives me crazy with joy".

"The garden of wonders grew more wonderful in those days. The magic of love light was upon it, love whispers stirred its air to ecstacies.

"Sweet and wonderful little wife-to-be, we who have no father or mother, will be everything to each other", he told me, doffing his jewelled cap, as he looked into my eyes.

Her own brilliant with tears at the memory, and one fell and gleamed like a jewel on her hand.

"It was the tenderest love-scene, its secret is too sweet to be told, even to you", she said, wistfully. "And nothing, not even the happiness of this last dear week, can quite take the place of its heavenly joy. It was towards the end of my school-days, that the dream took on this new and rapturous atmosphere. I dearly loved a gentle nun, in the Convent where I was finishing my education. Once, and once only. I ventured to tell her of my dream, and the garden, and the boy who loved me.

"She was frankly horror-stricken. Promise me, dear, that you will never again speak of these things, that yon will banish them from y ur thoughts. Such dreams are templations of the devil. He paints these worldly scenes, this worldly love, that he may turn your heart and soul from higher things to his own base uses." So was my second attempt to unfold the wonder of my life,, silenced".

She dwelt again for some time, with enraptured eyes, upon the vision of the past. At last she spoke.

"There came a day when my boy lover, returning hastily from London, threw himself at my feet.

"Be mine, dear heart, he pleaded, lest trouble come, and others seek to part us, and I loved him too well to pretend maidenly shrinking, or even mention delay. So we were married in the small room that served me as a boudoir, and the priest's solemn blessing upon us woke me to the grey round of the Hospital day.

"As I went about my duties, the multitude of unromantic things which concern a Probationer, I longed to sleep. I was pining to hear my lover's voice repeat again the murmur I had caught "Sweet wife, no Queen can separate us now". But the mext dream did not give him back to me. A chilly barrier of secrecy and Court etiquette separated us. I had come to Court as maid of honor to the Virgin Queen. There seemed to be no individual life among the crowd who bowed before, intrigued, and fought for the favours of the reyal lady, Elizabeth Tudor. I saw her, a very different figure from the stiff, tight-lipped. repellent portraits, that are all that remain of her to-day. There was little that was stiff, and much that was seductive in that glittering figure; nothing cold in the curves of her small, scarlet mouth or in her face a-bloom with false roses on the clear white skin she inherited from her mother; or in the narrow, shining eyes, whose sensuous gaze was the replica of her father's; only where Henry's eye rested hungrily on every fair woman he encountered, Elizabeth kept her bewildering glances for her male courtiers, and rarely looked at a woman, except to disapprov of youth or charms she envied. Her fierce desire for love and her unappeasable craving for heart as well as lip service, had withered her cheeks and worn deep circles round her subtle eyes, asking their reckless questions. And in spite of, or because of those ensigns of secret forces, she possessed insistently and palpably, the charm that drew all men to her side in loyalty, if not in love.

"Suddenly, myself and my doings lost their interest, in the wider flood of mingled pity and awe, that I felt for this lonely woman, whose patriotisn denied her a husband, but whose cheated heart incessantly called her suitors from all ages and conditions of manhood. I saw her, unsatisfied by the mighty kingdom that laid its faith, hopes and riches at her feet, and sighing stormily, as any love-sick lass, for the fickle, unstable kingdom of men's hearts and passions. And I knew that there was little faith in the heart she gave in return for those she sought, that her want of success in love lay in the fact that she never once forgot that she was Elizabeth of England, with a Tudor's right to any gratification that she cared to demand. And she clung, this great queen, and very woman to the sugared assurances of her flatterers, rather than the unsatisfactory evidence of her looking-glaqs. Indeeed I believe that she saw her face beneath its frizzled red wig, as she wished it to bed, radiant vision of eternal youth and beauty, entrancing enough to satisfy every man's desire.

"I was certain that the slightest, most unintentional dispute to her rights over her male courtier's attentions roused her to paroxysms of blind rage and relentless jealousy. Alas, my youth and pallor displeased her from the first. She murmured an unkind sneer about green sickness and insipid maidenhood. embellished by a jest worthy of Henry, himself, and took care her Court heard it. I complained bitterly of her unkindness, to my boy-husband.

"Art too yung and pretty to please, poor sweet, he replied tenderly and lightly. "It's a pity Her Grace would be Queen of Hearts as well as Queen of England. Nay, letis forget her unwomanly weys. It's not so often I get a sight of my wife, that I need spend it in filling her sweet ears with scandal".

"He stole an ardent kiss or two from my not reluctant lips, and was not even abashed when we were surprised by Mistress Jane Boleyn, the Queen's distant cousin, a soft white thing, whose ingratiating, spying ways did not commend themselves to me. She dwelt in much commiseration, upon the obvious fact that I did not please Elizabeth. I turned from her coldly, but she laid caressing, detaining hands upon me.

"Do you then hate us all, sweetheart. she questioned wistfully, "Poor Jane Boleyn who would be your friend, as well as Her Grace who is hard and unkind"

"In spite of my distrust, her pleading voice and eyes had their attraction; in all the Court there was not a creature to whom I could confide my strange position, and I had cherished hopes of kneeling at Elizabeth's feet, and whispering my secret in her sympathetic ears.

"My Lord Verulam is high in favour with Her Grace! Why not smile on one of the other gentlemen. Believe me, I advise you for the bet" Jane counselled, her eyes searching my face slyly.

"Lord Verulam has been my friend for as many years as I remember", I answered.

"I fear, sweet, that he is the friend of too many a maid, They say he is but a rag on every bush", she said.

Her disparagement urged me from discretion's ways. "I know he loves me, and that is all I wish to know or bear". I said hotly, unwitting that the conversation was skilfully led to this climax, that it might be repeated in Elizabeth's angry ear.

"Back from that dazzling, selfish. amorous Court of the past. into the Hospital's dark and unselfish Court of suffering I came and went.

"One night, I slept quickly, fatigued by a long. heavy day in the wards, and woke to find myself. preening and posturing between a standing wood-framed mirror and the unlatched window. which returned me a vague glimpse of my own gay figure. I had prepared a new overdress to wear that evening, when a company of players were to sing and dance before the Court. It was already sunset, the open window framed a gorgeous sky, which looked as though a shining shower were pouring from some unseen horn of plenty to lie in red-gold. drifted heaps above the furthest hills and houses. I was pleased with my splendid garment. made from some rich stuff. its brocaded pattern outlined with seed pearls and silver thread, and I had stitched pearls on to the coif for my hair. Jane Boleyn, who helped me with the sewing, had added the loan of her best ruff in fine lace, which rose in a becoming frame around my neck and breast.

"I was full of tender thouhts, for alling over and over again, my lord's admiration of my finery. The noise of an angry voice outside my door roused me, and I turned to see the Queen, her face white with fury, her eyes blazing resentment. She entered with the long, masculine stride peculiar to her angry moods. A hard patch of scarlet outburned the rouge on her cheeks. Her lips were shut in a cruel line. Beside her was Jane's cringing figure; I read in her sly eyes the gratification this successful stirring of strife brought her. Behind them, a stout serving-wench, evidently fresh from her pots and pans, stood awkwardly, greasy finger in mouth.

"A very fine bird, sneered Elizabeth's cutting voice. "The Queen's Grace makes but a poor figure beside her gay. lady."

"She uttered a hissing order to the serving-girl "Strip me this ill-gotten finery from a presuming back, she cried.

"The woman's clumsy fingers tore at the muslin on my shoulders, and Elizabeth's hard hand rained a shower of stin ging blows on my bare flesh. I can see her, plainly as I do you, standing there in the glow of the sunset, raving, and stamping her little foot in its high-heeled shoe. There was a world of jealous hatred in her eyes, envious of my youth, my gown and my lover.

"At that moment a clanging bell drowned Elizabeth's insults, and the trivial flood of Hospital life swept me away from the royal fury, her fierce blows, and fierce words. All through the uninteresting discussion of lukewarm tea and chilled bacon, I could hear my dainty stitches give beneath the serving-girl's harsh fingers, and the Queen's mocking laughter echoed down the centuries.

"My next dream, or reality, for indeed these rendings of the Past's veil were more convincing than any present happening, came quickly. All the day before Lord Verulam's operation I had felt a dull ache in my wrist.

"Rheumatism, at your age, fie nurse", said the house-physician, to whom I complained of its stiffness.

"It seemed to me that my head no sooner touched my pillow that night than I was back in the familiar maid's room. with the evening sun patching its rush-strewn floor with gold, and the memory of my recent humiliation obliterated by a great joy, for I was expecting my husband's visit every moment. The queen had gone by water to Richmond, I had seen her gaily draped barges pass that morning without a sigh that I was left in disgrace behind. I knew that my lord had made some clever pretext, and that presently he would join me, he who was my lover and husband, lawfully as every heart and marriage vow could make him. Then he was with me, a tall and splendid young figure in gleaming satin, the sunshine turning his fair hair to glory, the love-smile curving his red lips.

The rapturous peace of hs sheltering enfolding arms was broken by the harsh clank of arms in the court-yard below.

"My husband rushed to the window "Tie the Queen", he cried, she has returned that she may find us together, but we'll defeat her yet. I'm off by the priest's way".

"He kissed me hurriedly, and pushed aside the tapestry, opening a secret panel by which a priest had once escaped torture and death. As he vanished, and I sat shaking and white with fright, the floor beneath my feet vibrated to the measured tramp of soldiers. The latch of the door was lifted abruptly, and the Queen came swiftly towards me, alone. She was dusty from her ride and there were tired shadows beneath her strange eyes.

"I would know the truth of your relations with my Lord Verulam", she uttered, coming to the point, unhesitatingly. I guessed the anger behind her shaking voice.

"The truth, Madam?" My astonished gasp was as much for her ravaged face as for her question.

"I want the assurance of my lord's intentions" she pursued, hastily. "A man may not serve two masters. "Be careful girl" she trembled from head to foot and there was a high note of hysteria in her voice. An'you seek to come between my Lord Verulam and me, I'll strike you dead'.

"She calmed herself with a visible effort and impatiently shook her emotions from her, as one might shake a hampering garment. "He left us to-day to seek your society, we have been informed', she added, and then, with a sudden accession of extraordinary dignity. "Where is he. We command you to tell us" she said.

"I sat there, under her hard, searching eyes, my own downcast; as though deaf to her compelling questions.

"A sudden torrent of fury flamed in her-face. "There will be trouble if you aro obtinate", she warned. "Do not deny that Verulam has been with you."

"Her sharp eyes. glaring round her. descried among the rushes a tiny tassel of green silk from the fringe of my lord's cloak. "Here is an answer to my questions. Oh shameless hussy" she cried violently.

"Now, shall we drag him from his hiding-place and hear the unedifying tale of your loves. You shall not use my rooms as a trysting-place, insolent!

"At her loud bidding the men appeared, and in a twinkling they had fruitlessly searched the room, but, while I hoped for our safety, one of them remembered the secret-panel; before he could reach it, I sprang upon him like a wild cat. and with vigorous onslaught of scratching nails and thrusting arms. I forced him back from it. Then I touched the panel's spring, and jumping through it, closed it in the dumbfounded faces behind me. At least. so should my lord gain time to get well away.

"On the further side of the panel were two stout staples, made to support a heavy oaken beam, for which I searched in vain. The Queen's imperative order came to me, and I knew the men had united to burst through the panel. Its oaken square groaned, quivered and burst inwards under their weight. It had cracked across and was splitting from top to bottom betwoeen the staples when I ran my satin-sleeved arm through them into the oak beam's place. My knees gave way under me as the wood crashed in. A man's hand thrust me forcibly backwards off my feet, and with an agonising pang I felt the bone of my arm jerked from its socket. I heard the Queen protest violenty at the delay. Suddenly they realised my position. Through the splintered wood above me. I saw a shining dagger appear. I knew the anguished parting of skin, muscle and tendon, heard the keen blade graze sickeningly on my wrist bone and as the spouting fountain of my blood dyed the white satin of my sleeke to scarlet, and I fainted away.

"There's no more to tell; you know the rest. I went about my work feeling that half of me, the more sentient half. was held pendant from the panel, by my dislocated, bleeding arm, whose severed hand lay on the ground beside me. Then I replaced Nurse Keating on duty for a moment. and found again my Mate of the past.

"He opened his dear familiar eyes, and kenew me immediately. "Woman of my dreams" he cried and then, aften all those years we exchanged the kiss, interrupted so long ago".

She shuddered a little; tho ghost of that past anguish was pressent enough to pale her face and paint horror in her agonised eyes. Her hand clutched at my knees. "It was a fearful exporience, sho whispered tremulously.

Her lover, entering, overheard the words. "Don't talk of terrors on the eve of our wedding, sweetheart," he said, lightly and gaily. Our dream has an end that is, thank God, good enough to be true."

He took her to his heart, and I stole away, leaving them together in the kingdom that God has prepared for those who love, that divine wonder, alas which never enters into so many hearts".

She sighed, jumped off the table and poured out my medecine.

"My story has an effect that says little for its interest but is most satisfactory to your devoted nurse. It has made you yawn, and you are all but asleep", she declared, as she shook up my pillow, turned down the light, bade the "Sleep well", and went softly away.

A BACHELOR'S IDYLL

(Specially written for CRITICA)

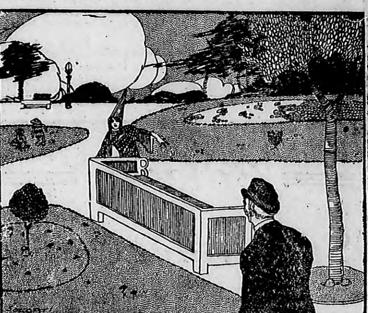
A Sketch — by T. Crosbie

I had already reached the age when my looking-glass mercilessly showed me crow's feet at my eyes'corners, and an ominous thinning of the hair, both at the temples and at the crown. It is true that the latter I was only able to ascertain with the extra help of a hand mirror in addition to my usual one over the washstand; and, as it required much craning of my neck to get the right angle of vision, which when obtained, showed me a less and less flattering tale, I had long since discontinued the practice of taking count of my fallen hairs and the ever increasing, void. For several years past had I recognised more and more the truth of at least one of our old proverbs—the one beginning "Where ignorance is bliss....'



A sight of the void at the top of my Skull

I had sufficient income to supply my small needs without the necessity of sitting at an office desk, which would have been my only resource in other and less fortunate circunstances, as I had no profession, and no leanings save towards philosophy, which is hardly a marketable comodity in these days. Had I no income my friends and relations would have termed me a ne'er-do-well, and fought severely shy of me, instead of doing that which I am circumventing to the best of my ability, and marrying me off hand to any of the available spinsters in this parish. When I look in the glass I can convince myself that it is my income which prompts those coy—and wrinkled—glances in my direction in the church et Morning Prayer during the calling of the banns of the more fortunate—and younger—of our little community.



"Are you in your proper shape"? She said

And yet I retain within me—sedulously hidden even from my intimates, who are few—a heart as young as any of those whose lives are about to blossom forth in dual existence; and, thank God, never have I lost the simple faith in womanhood which I held when I was obsessed by what the novelists scornfully call "calf love." It is still with me, that calf love; and when I am hobbling along, rheumy-eyed and even dribbling—for we do the latter at both extremes of life—I shall remain faithful to that worship.

Well can I remember every time I saw you, Oh! my beloved, my love for you free from every gross thing of earth. Boy's love! Why is it a thing scoffed at by all and sundry? A thing not of the earth, earthy, but of Heaven. And this has been preserved to me for twenty long years of heartache. Otner matters—even of love of women—have intervened; these things perforce are part of a man's life, but ever has that first pure feeling returned, and I, ever despairing, precious though it is, have sometimes wished that it would leave ma in peace. For I have not seen her for twenty long years,—a fickle child, just emerging into womanhood, who little thought that she was leaving a life mark upon the soul of the boy who was to retain it, deeply seared upon attaining his manhood; indeed, to his grave

She still moves lightly in my dreams and in the morning, when I shave, I call myself names such as "fool", and punish myself with a special penance by the sight of that void at the top of my skull, with the aid of my hand glass. And yet, when I come to think of it, what would my life be without Her—Her memory?

I wonder where she is—whether she remembers that day when I told her that in the future that lay before us she, do what she would, could never escape my love, which would ever enfold her until my passing, when it would wait, if I preceded her over the Stygian lake conducted by the fearsome Charon, and, waiting, reap the sweet reward of halting years. For as I have said, my love was not of the earth, earthy.

She was sweet and fresh, and ignorant of the world, this Love of mine; and we parted on the slightest of pretexts, as boy and girl will, little recking of the after years.

. . . .

I walked out into the country this morning—a glorious day in April, when one forgets the grievous winter days and March winds, which remind one of other vulnerable spots in one's body, and prevent one from feeling that Time is quite being defied. One at these times forswears the postprandial glass of port, and confines oneself to a two-finger "tot" for a nightcap. But April! !Gone are all those glum counts, and instead the glad refrain of the ever youthful world when the step is springy, and the heart is glad.

Should I have proceeded on that my April walk had I known what was to befall? But we are in the hands of Fate to some extent, although I am one of those who think that our own actions known as Fate to many people.

Well, I walked down the dear, sweet-smelling country lane which lies two full miles from my house, this April morning; and, turning sharply to my left, foud myself in a side road unfamiliar strangely enough, to my eyes, knowing so well, as I do, the adjoing countryside. Presently I came to a gate, and passed over on to a perfect lawn. The Faes were kind, for there, engaged in some mysterious rite, I saw the sweetest child it has ever been my privilege to look upon. Everything that morning that I had gazed upon had Youth's seal stamped upon it— and I myself could not feel less youthful than them all.

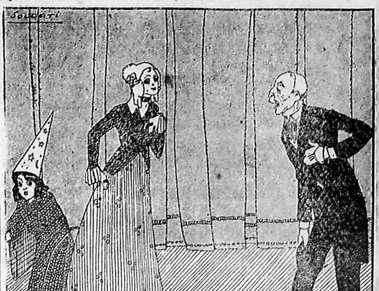
The child was engaged so intently upon her lonely game, the nature of which I was trying to guess with boyish enthusiasm, when she looked up and intercepted my eager glances in her direction. She hesitated and then advanced to the gate at which I was standing. "So you have comed this time", she lisped. I grinned cheerfully, but had no word to say.

"Are you in your proper shape? I thought princes were younger, and wore better clothes."

I glanced ruefully at my apparel, and sincerely wished—I knew not why—that the clothes brush that hung idly, as a rule, on the hatstand in my cottage, had been better used, for this occasion at all events. The child, perhaps catching my thoughts on the delicate record of her young brain, waxed apologetic.

"I 'spect you are in disguise. Princes nearly always come that way, don't they? But why don't you speak?"

Again I could anly grin cheerfully, although the situation was beginning to dawn upon my faculties. This shows that I was really young—in spirit. The child was evidently playing fairy tales, and had come to believe them. As the effect of her solitude — and the April morning perhaps — she was continuing the fairy tale and including me! And I was the fairy prince. "I must be young" quod I blithely, and completely unmindful of my thinning hair (luckily covered by a cloth hat, for who ever heard of bald fairy princes). I opened the gate and bent my knee to the gracious little presence before me, deeming myself a silly old fool for doing so, at the same time thinking that it might be true, after all.



"He is my Prince, not yours"

COLEGIOS INCORPORADOS DE 2a ENSEÑANZA

INSTITUTOS MODELOS

La obra educativa y canónica

La terminación del año escolar de 1914 ha sido de un excelente resultado para la instrucción secundaria, por los esfuerzos realizados por la dirección de los colegios incorporados.

Esa labor intensa y patriótica se ha reflejado con las últimas pruebas finales.

Nosotros que hemos seguido tan de cerca el desarrollo educacional, hemos insistido y seguiremos insistiendo, en la necesidad imperiosa de que el Estado ejerza una acción más directa y enérgica para contralorar la marcha de estos establecimientos particulares, que tienen una función de tan trascendental importancia que llenar.

Sólo así se compensaría la tarea honesta de los que verdaderamente han tomado a la enseñanza como un apostolado y evitaría el funcionamiento de casas que han llegado a constituir un peligro, patentado por la incorporación, a la educación del país.

Es con este propósito que hemos querido remarcar en este número extraordinario, la acción eficaz y saludable de los únicos colegios incorporados, que podrían sustituir con ventaja a los colegios del Estado.

Es lamentable, que a pesar de los grandes sacrificios realizados por estos "pioners" de la educación, sus aspiraciones de engrandecimiento moral y económico, se vean amenazadas por la competencia intolerable de los numerosos colegios creados con propósitos de lucro y que han llegado a obtener la incorporación valiéndose de procedimientos torcidos.

Su obra es perniciosa y atentatoria al progreso del país y la tolerancia oficial aleja cada día más, la posibilidad de que la enseñanza secundaria, sea únicamente privada, como sucede en Francia y Alemania.

Nosotros recomendamos a estos esforzados educacionistas, que abandonen toda tendencia de asociación de directores porque hoy por hoy, ellos no tienen ningún problema educativo que resolver, sino únicamente económico, y es claro que en esa gestión son los "grandes" los únicamente perjudicados. Es el esfuerzo individual y no el colectivo, el que los va a llevar a la meta de sus aspiraciones. Es la obra independiente de cada colegio, la que los ha hecho llegar a ser establecimientos modelos en su género.

El instituto Nicolás Avellaneda—

Es indudablemente, el establecimiento modelo entre los de su género. Bajo la dirección de un distinguido ingeniero, secundado por un cuerpo de profesores de larga actuación en la enseñanza, las bases educativas del colegio han sido cimentadas con un criterio maduro y con una amplitud de miras eminentemente nacional.

Por el clásico colegio de la calle Venezuela han desfilado varias generaciones de hombres que hoy ocupan puestos de primera fila en la sociedad argentina.

Su plan de enseñanza podría concretarse en esta frase de Montesquieu:

"No pretendo que los hombres lean, sino que piensen".

Para la realización de este lema, ha sido necesario el sacrificio desinteresado de muchos años, y una metodización ordenada en la orientación de la juventud que ha frecuentado esas aulas.

Sus amplias instalaciones internas, sus valiosísimos gabinetes y museos, permiten al instituto Nicolás Avellaneda atenerse extrictamente a los planes de enseñanza oficial, al mismo tiempo de poder ofrecer a los alumnos, una comodidad que raya en el confort.

Colegio "Sadi Carnot"—

En sus 30 años de existencia, el "Sadi Carnot" ha conquistado una justa reputación.

El doctor Carlos Herschell, director de la casa, es un joven intelectual de cepa.

Vale decir: tiene títulos suficientes para asumir responsabilidad tan delicada.

A pesar de las grandes reformas realizadas en el establecimiento, en el grandioso local de la calle Piedras 1049, la dirección ha comenzado a efectuar nuevas reformas inteinas importantísimas, lo que le permite afirmar que puede ofrecer a los padres uno de los establecimientos modelos en su género.

Nuevas adquisicones hechas en Alemania y Francia, destinadas a los gabinetes de física, química e historia natural contribuyen al mismo fin.

La Inspección de Epseñanza Secundaria, en sus últimas visitas, ha podido verificar todos estos adelantos.

Colegio "Sud Americano"—

Su acreditada reputación es casi legendaria.

Su historia está íntimamente ligada a la historia educacional del país.

El señor L. Castiglione, director y propietario del establecimiento, es un profesional de méritos indiscutibles.

Vaciado en el molde de los caracteres enérgicos, ha implantado una disciplina férrea en el colegio, lo que contribuye a aquilatar más, la benemérita obra educativa que presta al país.

"Colegio Internacional" de Olivos—

El doctor Francisco Chelia ha roto los moldes de la rutina en materia de colegios internados, y ha implantado en su grandioso establecimiento de Olivos el modelo ideal del internado universitario.

El internado universitario de La Plata y el Carlos Pellegrini, institutos oficiales, han tomado de modelo al establecimiento de Olivos.

Complace al espíritu, de los que seguimos de cerca el desarrollo de la instrucción pública, cuando después de desfilar por los tugurios educacionales de la capital, a excepción honrosa de los tres grandes establecimientos anteriormente indicados, nos internamos en aquel bello parque de Olivos, donde se levanta como una Tebaida aquel suntuoso castillo del saber.

Nos remitimos a las Bases Educativas del Colegio Internacional de Olivos. Es una institución educativa y de instrucción general, organizada sobre el régimen de la familia, a los efectos de obtener el mejor fruto de los elementos que los padres destinan a la enseñanza de sus hijos. El educador reemplaza a la familia natural en los cuidados, afectos y excitaciones que en el hogar conducen el espíritu del niño hacia las formas superiores de conciencia y de cultura y hacia la confianza en el esfuerzo personal".

Con este concepto sabio, suministra la ciencia estimulando los caracteres como valores morales de primera categoría, para las luchas de la vida, es decir: llenando rigurosamente la misión fundamental de la enseñanza secundaria.

He ahí un caso típico de lo que puede hacer el esfuerzo individual y las prístinas virtudes con que abrazan su misión estos grandes educadores argentinos.

Sería tarea literaria, hacer una descripción de este establecimiento único y especial. Sus parques, cortados por avenidas floridas, sus patios de juegos y ejercicios físicos, sus alamedas encantadoras realizan ampliamente "El mens sana in corpore sane".

La enseñanza laica, tiene su templo en este bosque, en cuyas aulas se está plasmando el espíritu nacional de la juventud argentina.

He aquí cómo de los colegios Sud saldrán ciudadanos cuya actuación en la vida pública y privada no ha de ser oblicuada por la intangibilidad de la enseñanza religiosa.

Colegio de Educacion Secundaria

Este establecimiento que fundara el señor Enrique de Vedia a principios de año ha respondido en un todo a los fines propuestos.

La larga e inteligente actuación del señor Vedia en la rectoría del Colegio Nacional del Uruguay y el Central de Buenos Aires son títulos que acreditan al éxito del establecimiento.

Al abrirse las puertas, concurrieron con sus alumnos las familias más distinguidas de la sociedad porteña.

Este instituto, incorporado a la enseñanza oficial, da a sus alumnos una intensa "Educación Moral e Intelectual", dentro de un régimen disciplinario a la vez afectuoso y severo, aspirando a reavivar y robustecer el sentimiento de fervorosa moral que caracterizó a nuestra sociedad en épocas que hoy aparecen muy remotas y en las que es premioso buscar inspiraciones e ideales.

LOS COLEGIOS CATOLICOS

Contrasta el espíritu ver como han surgido como hongos, los colegios particulares de enseñanza netamente católica.

Sus planes y sus reglamentos no pueden ser ya, más peligrosos a la orientación de la juventud que concurre sus aulas.

En nuestra detenida inspección, presenciamos un examen de historia argentina, en uno de estos establecimientos, situado en la calle San José. Ahí se enseña que Belgrano encomendó el éxito de su espada a la Virgen de las Mercedes, pero en cambio, se ignora la personalidad de Rivadavia, de Sarmiento, de Alberdi, cuando no se enseña que López fué un ciudadano cualquiera.

Llama ante todo la atención, de que el cuerpo de profesores de estos establecimientos sea en su mayor parteformado por sacerdotes extranjeros, sin títulos que los acrediten para el desempeño de sus cátedras.

Pero la inspección silencia estas cosas, mientras rechaza cualquier profesor presentado por los demás establecimientos dirigods por seglares.

Ya nos ocuparemos detenidamente de este asunto.

The child took my hand, and motioned me to my feet once more, and led me to the summer-house at the far end of the lawn—a fairy summer house, it seemed to me, overhung by a lilac tree in full bloom, whose scent hung round us like an incense, and made all things possible.

"So you've comed to release me at last! You've been ever so long and the King, my cruel father, would not let me out of this tower unless I married the old duke he chose for me, but I "knowed"—the fairy told me — that a prince would come and claim me at last. Where is your kingdom?"

Old as I was, this was a little beyond me; but, as I had been grinning cheerfully nearly all the time — a most unprincely proceeding which, luckily, she didn't seem to notice—I was convinced that something must be done—or said. But what to say I knew not, and presently she took up the ball once more.

"Throw off your disguise now, Prince, since you know I am faithful." (Really, she had the whole affair very pat indeed). This was unflattering, to say the least, and it was certainly "up to me." I thought out a sentence carefully, and was raising my hat to begin it in proper princely language when a voice reached us from across the lawn, a voice that set my heant beating against my ribs at double its usual rate—why, I knew not at the moment.

The child skipped out of the summer-house, leaving me feeling like a detected criminal. I dimly wondered what was coming next, for the moment before I had been certain that I was a fairy prince in disguise.

"Oh! bother lunch, Mamma", I heard the child say, and could catch no more; and presently the sunshine was blotted out for an instant at the door of the summer-house by the entrance of a slim figure, black-garbed, as if in mourning for a husband.

The next moment she had stepped back, hand to throat, and then whispered: "Harry!"

I knelt down and kissed the hem of her garment, but she gently raised me, the child looking wonderingly on the while; and presently how it came about I know not to this hour, her sweet form was in my arms, her body heaving against mine, and her dear lips, for whose touch I had hungered—how much I did not know until then for the joy is great according to the longing and the waiting—were pressed on mine.

And afterwards—"And I thought he was the prince in disguise; I was playing, you know, Mamma, and began to think everything was real."

"And so it is real, dear", said she, giving me one of those side glances the memory of which I had treasured for long years, "only this is my prince, not yours, and not in disguise. But you found him for me."

End.

GLIMPSES ALONG THE GREAT RIVERS

The great rivers of the Plate offer attractions all their own to the student of Nature. Theydiffer from all other great streams in that they belong in their entirety to a generous climate and a fruitful soil. With time they must both become, in the nature of things, highways of a gigantic traffic, and their basinss the seats of a dense population. As is well known there are two of these great rivers. What is usually called the River Plate is the immense estuary-like body of water formed by their confluence, and sweeping unceasingly to the sea in a vast yellow current which extends north and south beyond the horizen. Its southern shores are either dark muddy strips of alluvium and semi-sandy flats often hidden by the freshwater reeds and bulrushes that in long centuries help to bueld up the slowly rising marshlands. The northern shore is well-defined, and consists generally of fairly high banks-fringer by strips of gleaming white sands. Often rocky, or cut sheer from the crumbling black soil as one often sees along the Mississippi, it is natural that the deep channels should lie along the Uruguayan coast, which has the appearance of the shore of a great freshwater sea. The Paraná and Uruguay both have their upper courses in Brazil. The former has an extraordinary irregular course. Throughout its long journey from the tropical regions of Brazil to the River Plate its way is one of broken purposes followed by long broad reaches toward its final great rush for the open sea. In times past the Rio de la Plata, or Plate as English people call it, extended farther inland, but the sedincent with which these waters are so heavily charged is continually accumulating until at last it forms as in the Nile the Ganges, the Mississippi and many other great streams, an extensive delta traversed by innumerable channels. The rapidity of the current keeps these scoured to a considerable depth, but once the waters begin to spread out in the mighty Plate the channels have a tendency to silt up. Rosario with upwards of 200.000 inhabitants, the second city and port of the Argentine Republic, is on this mighty river; so also are Paraná and Corrientes the respective capitals of the provinces of Entre Rios and Corrientes. The Paraguayan Republic occupies the angle formed by the Upper Paraná and one of its long but shallow tributaries the Pilcomayo. Its lower course is through low flat country often swampy but almost always extremely fertile. The scenery through which it passes is monotonous and uninteresting as a whole, although the rich vegetation along the banks lend them soft, slumbrous beady that contrasts most agreably with the general sameness. It rises manyfleet during the spring, that is from October, to January; but is subject to these "crescientes" as they are called, at any season, owing to the equinoctial rains in Brazil, the melting of the snow on the mountains, or the backing up of the waters of the Plabe by easterly gales. During those floods, the low lands are covered for many miles the highest lang in the lower parts being always along the banks. The houses are builp on piles, and one may see the inhabitants imprisoned in their houses by the waters often, with a boab tied to the doorposh. Special pens are built high up for the few cattle that are kept about the house. Immense quantities of vegetation, trees, solid masses of aquatic plants that have broken lose with the fierce current, flotsam caught up from water swept lands go streaming past. The drifting masses looking like ting green islands, are called camelotes and on these, wild creatures frequently find a temporary if treacherous refuge. Snakes are frequent voyagers on camelotes, and at times even large animals such as jaguars go whirling by on their way to the sea unless by some in happy chance they strike the shores.



.Beneath the shading trees. (See letter press)



Mr. Robert Stirling and family "Many of the estancias are British owned" (see letter press)



"Merry picnic groups weave garlands". (See letter press)

"Ihene is no port, proporly speaking" (See letter press)

The Uruguay although a great and noble stream, is dwarfed by its far reaching sister. It however, has the advantage of posessing a truly majestic doorway. Several miles wide higher up it broadens but to many miles; but through all its lower course it maintains the same uniform characteristic of low, submergible lands on the south, and bold coasts, backed by hitly country on the north. The Uruguay rises near the Brazilian coast and separating the Germanised province of Rio Grande from the other Brazilian province of Santa Catherina and the Argentine provinces of Misiones and Corrientes, sweeps round in a vast curve until it cuts asunder the province of Entre Rios and the Republic of Uruguay. Its upper course from its birth, reght down to Santo Tomé in northern Corrientes is one unceasing struggle to get free from its obstructing mountains past which it winds and doubles, retreats and advances. Passing Santo Tomé it slips down into the plain country and rushes swiftly southwards in a series of magnificent reaches to unite its clearer waters with the muddy currents of the Paraná.

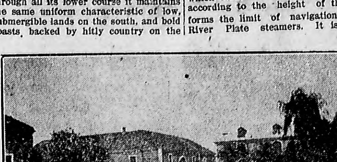
Everywhere the Uruguay presents an [illegible] of the great and the majestic. The eye at last tries of wandering over farflung fields of maize, and wheat, oats and flax. Groves of oranges and other fruits, plantations of eucalyptus and other trees; redtiled houses nestting amongst the miniature woods, grassy uplands losing themselves in the horizon. Here and there a few white sand dunes belonging to the far away past, when some great inundation left its glittering grains upon the shore to be rolled up later by the winds into tiny hills and hollows. Uruguay itself, or as it is more frequently and poetically called, La Banda Oriental, is mostly rolling grassy country. Its topographical character and soil differ from those of Argentina; its pasture is finer and its meat of a better flavour; but the blight of party politics is over it everywhere. Bad roads, and the consequent difficulties of inter communication resulting in stagnation and lack of enterprise; neglect of education, and necessarily a general capacity to take advantage of the onward march of modern science.

This may be seen from the statistical returns which showthat at the beginning of the century, out of a population of 754.503 persons over six years of age 350.547 were illiterates. Since then there has been no very marked advance. This enormous waste of bright intelligences is due to the political agitation which is carried on by restless spirits. The masses, usually left without education, are easily carried away by their political leaders, beneath whose sway they pass on their politics from father to son. This is all the more regreattable as the Uruguayans as a race stand quite alone in Latin America. They are more nearly Spanish than in the other republics, naturally energetic and athletic, remarkable alike for their intellectuality and beauty of person.

Not that the republic is lacking in intellect, nor that it is without higher education. Its whole history proves all the contrary; but the unfortunate fact remains that the masses lack the practical education so necessary in our days. Politics constitute one of the most usual professions; the attainment to official rank not being by reason of merit, but in view of political services rendered or to rendered. It is the same canker that has cursed United States politics for so long—the fatal practice of judging nominess according to their political colour-instead of by their fitness for office.

The country is chiefly pastoral, having about 30.000.000 shep, 10.000.000 cattle and 1.000.000 horses, but it produces considerable quantities of wheat, linseed oats and maize. Many of the finest estancias are of British ownership. The small farmer is of minor importance as a real factor in the national life today, owing to the entire failure of successive governments to realise the importance of a thriving and educated rural population of small proprietors. The obstacles in the way of the hunuble worker becoming a proprietary farmer are no less disheartening than the difficulties of marketing.

The scenery on the upper Uruguay is extremely beautiful in its tropical richness, and endless variety owing to the river's course being through very broken country. Navigation is interrupted by rocks and rapids with occasional falls of little height. One of these latter called El Gran Salto (the Great Fall), which varies from two to five metres according to the height of the river, forms the limit of navigation for the River Plate steamers. It is in the vicinity of Concordia and gives its name to the riverside town of Salto in Uruguay. A line of fast and luxurious steamers belonging to the Mihanovich line run between Buenos Aires and Salto three times a week. The accommodation and food are excellent and the attendance quite equal to the great Transatlantic lines. Salto is a typical Uruguayan town, but is not so interesting as its rival Paysandú which is several hours lower down the river. The Uruguayan coasts are always charming but a little below the latter town they become particularly so. Ting bays and shelbered nooks in the high banks broken hills with rich vegetation everywhere, sparkling brooks overhung with twisted boughs and glearning flowers; and the broad expanse of the vast river relieved by thickly wooded islands. There is no port properly speaking, although it is always customary to speak of "the port". A long jetty runs out into the river for perhaps 300 flet, and at the foot of the jetty a customs house — that is all. A little white terrace set out with garden chairs, where the fashionable world comes down to take lea, and "besitos" and listen to the naval band; for during the last twelve months half the Uruguayan navy consisting of one of the old gunboats purchased from Italy some years ago, has been lying quietly at anchor in midstream.



The honses apeear ts be buith in the wates. (See letter press)

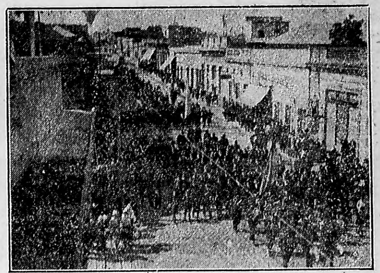


"By Sparkling brooks" see letter press. Arroyos San Francisco and Don Esteban

During the spring the great river rises, owing to the torrential rains in the Brazilian mountains. The streets then present a curious aspect; the lower parts being inundated and having the appearance of canals lined with houses built in the water. As the phenomenon is of constant recurrence it is accepted in a philosophical spirit. The mainstreet, 18 de Julio, is well paved and lighter and has witnessed many historic processions, but it is more remarkable for the solid comfort and even luxuriance of its dwellings than for exterior show. The frontages are uncommonly wide for so populous a town, so that although houses are almost all of only a single story, the rooms are spacious, and lofty, the patios are frequently veritable palm courts, while through the wide, open doors one catches gleams of fairg retreats amongst glorious gardens and heavily drooping fruit. One feels that he would like to enter those gardens and taste what it might be to tread in Paradise. Paysandú is a town of flowers and cultivated trees. The principal hotels have spacious courts adorned with elegant palms and thruts; the private houses are the gateways to miniature Edens. It is notable of the Orientals that they we lovers of flowers. An added charm is the kindly expression that greets one everywhere. That, of course is to a certain extent to the effect of comparison, as the city man accoustomed to the hard matter-of-fact manners of a great commercial centre is at once struck with the milder and more human ways of the country. Still, between country towns themselves, there are wide differences in this respect. Perhaps a stronger reason for the pleasing impression, given by Uruguayan towns as a rule, is to be found in the exceptional beauty andcharm so common on the other side of the river Uruguayan women are famous for their grace and beauty, an for their swetness of character. In this respect the provincial towns easily hold their own with the metropolis. As mary be supposed maté is a part of the daily life in ale up river towns. The stranger halts involuntary when be catches a glimpse of a group of beautiful "Uruguayas" who appear to be smoking immensé Dutch pipes with silver steams. Hotels are reasonable, and although not at all luxurious even for a country town, they are clean nad comfortable the food good if plain, and the attendance quite equal to the majority of city houses. As is well known Uruguay has no gold coniage. About fifty years ago, or to be exact in 1862 a law was passed authorising the coining of doblons, or ten peso gold pieces. But it remains only a nigth. The curious practice obtains of calculating by reales. The press is equal to ten reales, the real to ten centésimos. This probably is due to the Spanish element which, although it does not consist of more than 60.000 persons, has made itself felt to a very appreciable extent.



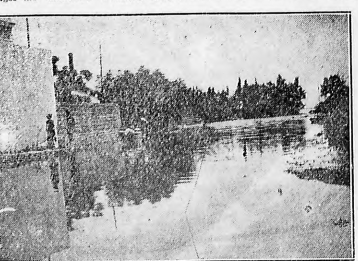
"Itappy childwen coming home brom school".



Procession in the mani street, 18 de Julio. (see letter press)

One turns regretfully from the windswept knolls of Paysandú, its grassy meadows and sparkling brooks where merry pic-nic groups langh and weave garlands; and where may be gay hearts are sometimes broken, for such things will be; but set in beneath the shading trees we love to call up again at will the gleam of dark glorious eyes and the sweet music of the soft castilian tongue.

G. M.



Ihen the streets irok like canals. (See letter press)



The windswept Knolls of. Paysandú. (See letter press)

HIS LAST BET

By A. J. S.

(SPECIALLY WRITEN FOR CRITICA)

The hot January sun blazed down upon the offices of the well known shipping firm of Helders and Sons in Calle Sarmiento in the beautiful city of Buenos Aires as Mr. Jim Short, known to his friends as "Jimmy the Sport", bent over his ledger. Viewed from the cashier's desk he appeared to be hard at work but a closer inspection would have revealed the fact that he was really scanting the "form" column of the CRITICA which was artfully inserted between the leaves of the ledger.

"Dead cert" he muttered, "and Snowbal will pay about forty to one".

"My eyes" there are five more days to the end of the month and two dollars to do it on "Can't back horses on that my son.

Now where can I raise a little capital?"

A boy approached with an envelope.

"Mr. Rud told me to wait for an answer" he said as Short opened it. "Dear Jimmy it read "can you oblige a fellow sufferer with o trifle I have applied all round the office; even a dollar will help or else I shall have to take a walk and a smoke for lunch".

"State of money market tight, he muttered as he parted with one of his last two dollars. "Why don't the firm pay their clerks weekly instead of making 'emwait a month for their sorew?"

"What are you grumbling about now?" asked Norwell the petty cash clerk who sat next to him. "On the scarcity of the necessary", returned Jim shorly.

Of course its scarce if you throw it away on horse racing.

Leave the game alone my son and take care of it like I do mine.

Remember the parable of the talents. I saw you lend that improvident idiot Rud something just now; why dolt you charge interest instead of spoiling the game of others who have money to lend".

I know you and your loan of ten dollars a month with five interest retorted Jim "you cast your bread on the water alright but you want a champagne supper to come back with it, and not after many days either. I'd rather lose money on horses than make over cent per cent out of the office boys.

Go to lunch Shylock and don't preach to me".

The virtuos Norwell was so enraged that he forgot to close the petty cash box lying open in his desk. "You will come to a bad and, Short," heprophesied.

"Mind your grub doesn't choke you," chuckled Jimmy, "I don't want to go to the expense of a wreath in these hard times, nor do any of the other boys in the office; you're not loved so much as all that, remember".

His enemy went away without another word and Jim continued to work until 1 o'clock when his lunch was due.

It was his duty to take over the petty cash when Norwell was away and a trifling matter of a receipt stamp caused him to open Norwell's desk.

He saw the open cash box and a loose lot of hundred dollar bills.

"My eyes", he exclaimed, "if I could only borrow one of those for less than a day".

He retired to his desk. "Forty to one" he muttered, "one hundred dollars would bring me in four thousand and nobody would be the wiser".

"It is steaing', 'said his better self.

"But it is a cert", he muttered, "after all it is only borrowing one hundred dollars for a few hours.

I ca neasily put them back tomorrow morning before old Shylock arrives".

He looked round to see if he was observed and re opened the desk. He swiftly placed one hundreds dollars in an envelopo end closed the desk slipping the envelope into his pocket. It seemed a long time before the office clock struck one.

He put on his hat with a shaking hand and walked out of the office. As he walked up Sarmiento the envelope seemed to scorch into his flesh. "It is not stealing, only borrowing," for the hundreth time, he muttered. He was too excited to eat any lunch but wended his way to a well known bar in a near by street. After calling for a drink he met his man who was always willing for a ten per cent commission to take out money for the races at Palermo. Here's the money and the slip is in the envelope he said. After finishing his drink he made his way out. As he got outside he longed to reclaim the envelope "No" he muttered "what a fool I would look afraid to chance it and ask him for the money back like a kid afraid to chance a ten cent dip" he thought.

He went into the nearest restaurant and endeavoured to eat. The food seemed to trate bitter in his mouth and he tried to wash the taste away by drinking copious draughts of water. Sweat streamed down his face. "Phew!" he muttered, "what a nervous fool I am getting", as he wiped his streaming face. I have a good mind to try and get the envelope back, anything is better than this suspense. Fired with this resolve he left the restaurant and with a nod to the proprietor, "Pay to-morrow," retraced his footsteps back to the bar. As he neared his destination his courage seemed to have oozed away. He loitered nera the bar afraid to enter and the hands of a neighbouring clock crept towards the end of his lunch hour.

"Hang it all, my lunch time is up. I can't go into the blessed bar I shall look like a food". He turned on his heels and went back to the office. He sat down at his desk and watched Norwell out of the corner of his eye. That worthy was eating an apple. Jim watched him carefully bite round the core. "I wonder if he has locked the cash box? he thought. "He would not notice a one hundred dollar bill being short out of about thirty and he never checks the money until the end of of the week". "You look worried Short", said Norwell anxiuos to avenge his defeat of the fore noon "were you able tto get your lunch on the nod or have they rumpled you yet?"

"They would not trust me if I had a face like yours?" retorted Jim.

"I see that you are on your old diet of two apples and stealing pea nuts from the lunch counter of the nearest bar. Very nice", says Jimmy, "going into a bar pretend to be looking for a pal and then dip your hand into the pea nuts and biscuits. Bah! you make e sick don't waste the core, Shylock. Whatever you do, don't leave the pips on the floor Save 'em, my son, and start a fruit farm in Tigre with 'em they won't sprout on the floor". The entry of the cashier stopped this exchange of courtesies, and both settled down to work.

Every time Norwell opened his desk Jimmy trembled. The office was quiet but for the rattle of the typewriters. Near by two captains and a commission agent were discussing the races and Jimmy's hopes sank to zero when he heard the agent say that Snowball had no chance in the classic that afternoon and that his owner was holding him back for a heavy course as he was no good on a dry course.

One hundred dollars danced before Jimmy's mental vision. It glittered on the book before him; it mocked him from the clock face; winked at him from the walls, every caller seemed to look at him with distrust. An intending passenger for England speaking to him awoke him with a start and the sight of him putting some money on the counter amongst which was a hundred dollar bill made Jimmy break into a sweat. After attending to the passenger Jimmy tried to work but could not. "I wish I hadu't done it", he muttered but it will be allright. Snowball will win; look how he ran second in a lot better Jimmy tried to picture the race course Anything to forget the hundred dollars. Above the roar of the city outside he heard the clang of the starting bell. The roar of the street merged into the roar of the race course. He saw the sleek horses lined up with their motley attired riders. He picked out Snowball with his crimson jacketed, jockey. The sun seemed to blaze on the course. He saw the tapes go up and a sudden hush seemed to descend upon the crowd; all eyes turned to the horses.

Suddenly in the dirty unwashed crowd in the two dollars entrance Snowball's name was shouted. "Snowball, Snowball, Snowball, no mas, but no, a grey shot up on the outside and Snowball was beaten. Jimmy heard the thud of the horses hoofs, he saw them nearing the Judge's box, he saw Snowball make a great effort; but no, he was beaten; the grew had the measures of him.

The numbers, went up; Snowball was second. he say the crowd make a rush for the pay boxes and the sweat rolled from his frehead. He awoke to the fact that he was sitting at his desk mopping his face. "This is awful", he thought "what a cream! and the results won't be out yet. He strained his ears to the roar of the city hoping tot catch the voice of a newsboy; "But no" he muttered, the races are not were until 5.30 p. m.

I wonder if I call up the Jockey Club on the phone whether they will tell me. No. Shylock will hear me". Half an nour passed, he saw Norwell fumble with the cash box.

"Umph, I thuoght I left more than that" in it, must have a count up later on. Norwell closed the desk and Jimmy heaved a sigh of relief. That is a little relief"; he thought, but trouble will follow before the day is out". Just at this moment a pal at Jimmy's entered the office. Jimmy's first question was "Been to the races? and what won the fifth races? "and as no answered "Papa first, Snowball second and Petit third", Jimmy's head seemed to go round. He pulled himself together with an effort and and just at that moment a boy went past shouting. "Results of to-day's Races!"

He left the office quietly and beckoned to one of the boys. He opened the newspaper with a trembling hand and glanced at the results. Snowball was second and he had paid six fifty for a place. If I had only backed half for a place but not a win only." The paper dropped from his nervous fingers and he mechanically returned to his stool.

Ruin stared him in the face. He felt curiously calm now that he knew the worst. He recalled the chimera envolved in his brain at 4 o'clcok and nearly smiled. He had a vague dead feeling in his heart, and felt irritated that Norwell did not start counting the cash at once. "Careless bounder he thought? I wonder what his face will be like when he finds the money missing. Will he fall off the stool or will he go into hysterics?" At last Norwell opened the cash box and fumbled with the money. He counted those bills up not once but a dozen times and a puzzled lock appeared on his face. He then sank into a brown study. Jimmy saw a gleam of intelligence in his small eyes. He glanced at Jim and then a wicked grin appeared on his face.

Jimmy heard him mutter to himself I go out at 12 o'clock for lunch, leave my desk unlocked, thirty one hundred dollar bills in, five fifties and some centavos, Freight money received from Dunkirk's and Co.; when I come back at I o'clock things seem alright, I count my money at 4.30 one hundred dollars short and been here all the time during the lunch hour". What "a long time it takes him to work it out" thought Jimmy "I will go and have a cooler before the storm breaks". Norwell eyed him suspiciously as he left his stool. He passed the side door on his way to get a wash, and stared into the street for a moment. To his surprise he saw the fellow who did the commissions at Palermo for the races "What can he be wanting in this quarter?" queried Jimmy. The fellow glanced up, taught sight of him and to his surprise came across. He drew some envelopes from his pocket among many others Jim recognised his. A thrill ran down his spine "What's this for?" he asked. Is yours" he replied, I could not go out this afternoon there was a bit of a sow in the bar; lucky for you people. I was able to hand over the envelopes to aMt the barman before I got pinched or else we should never have got it back; as it was. I got fined thirty dollars and last an afternoon's racing. Hope was were not on a winner if so better luck next time; how I was pinched and did not go out" Seeing the look on Jimmy face, mistaking it for" anger "I always act straight Mr. Short and with that dodged into the crowd while the amazed Jimmy stared after him, holding the envelope as if he expected it to explode at any moment. An argument between two beach combers broke the spell over Jimmy. He went downstairs, filled a basin with cold water and dipped his face into it. The problem was how to replace the money without arousing suspicion. "Here goes for it" he though at length. He wiped his face and walked upstairs with the money in the palm of his hand.

Norwell was at the cashier's desk talking quickly. Both men were so engrossed with the conversation that they did not notice Jim pass.

Jim heard Shylock say "I don't want to say anything against anybody but they are the facts". Jimmy walked to Norwell's desk, saw that he was unnoticed and laid the hundred dollar bill unders some losse papers. He closed the desk and commenced to write rapidly. A few minutes passed; the head cashier and Norwell approached. "Ahem" said tho head cashier Mr. Short." "Yes Mr. Wilson." "Did you see anyone go to Mr. Norwell's desk between 12 and 12" "Yes" said Jim "I took a key out Mr. Hill". "Was the cash box open", asked the cashier Jim gave a forced laugh. "It was" he said; "as a matter of fact I locked it". "Open your desk Norwell" "Norwell did out. "Here you are what is this" he exclaimed. "Right under your very nose, why don't you use your eyes instead of coming to me with cock and bull stories and wasting my time. In the future get a receipt for your petty cash and leave it with me before you go to lunch, and you Mr. Short, get a receipt from Mr. Norwell on handing, the petty cash back after lunch. Norwell collapsed on his stock and the cashier walked away, Jim breathed freely. "That is the last bet I'll ever make" he said.

And it was.

THE END